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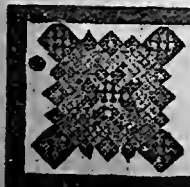
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A. S. BARNES & Co., New York, will soon publish a new historical work which is being prepared by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. Its title will be "*New York Biography*," and will be devoted to the prominent events and characters of the last fifty years. It will be fully illustrated, and is said to promise as much in original and masterly execution as her *History of New York*.

THE *CENTURY* for November has for its first article a description of Venice, which, as the writer intimates in his introduction, is by no means a new theme, yet is treated in so attractive a manner that we are not surprised to find it is from the pen of Henry James, Jr. It is followed by a portrait of him, and a sketch of his life and work as a writer, by W. D. Howells. Franklin H. North gives a description of the organization of the training school for nurses, under the title of "*A New Profession for Women*," showing the field that is open to those who are willing to carry on in our country, the work so grandly begun in England, by Florence Nightingale a portrait of whom is given as frontispiece. Edward Eggleston commences in this number a series of illustrated papers, each to be upon a different topic, and of independent interest, forming together a *History of Life in the Thirteen Colonies*, this first one having for its title *The Beginning of a Nation*. With this issue the *Century* begins its second year under its new name.

AMONG the interesting features of *Harper's Magazine* for November, is a very interesting article upon *The Early Quakers in England and Philadelphia*. An illustrated paper upon *The Home of the Doones*; *Southern California* illustrated; and the beginning of a serial by Miss Woolson, entitled "*For the Major*" which promises to meet the expectation aroused by the author's first novel "*Anne*" which recently appeared in its pages.

ST. NICHOLAS, so ably edited by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, has this month, beside its usual attractions for young people, a very oddly illustrated poem which is a sort of sequel to *Little Bo Peep*; the first chapter of a serial from the pen of J. T. Trowbridge entitled "*The Tinkham Brothers Tide-Mill*." Frank R. Stockton also begins in this number his "*Story of Viteau*."

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1882-83.

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The twelfth year of this magazine—the first under the new name, and the most successful in its history, closed with the October number. The circulation has shown a large gain over that of the preceding season, and THE CENTURY begins its thirteenth year with an edition of

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THE CENTURY CO.,

New York, N. Y.



LADIES' FLORAL CABINET

Volume XI.


NOVEMBER, 1882.

No. II.



November

By William Cullen Bryant.



Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
Ere o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue gentian flower, that, in the breeze,
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon their russet lea,
And man delight to linger in thy ray.
Yet one rich smile and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost and winds and darkening air.

THE ABUTILON.

"TAKE them all in all, there are no plants that give so many flowers during the dreary months of Winter." Thus remarks one of our leading florists in his catalogue, in speaking of the Abutilon; and although there are other plants that will prove to be of more value to the professional florist, for cut flowers, than the Abutilon, yet I think that the different varieties rank among our most desirable Winter-flowering plants, whether grown for the greenhouse or window-garden, while as single specimens in the mixed border during the Summer months, they are of special value. The Abutilons, or as they are commonly called Flowering Maples, are hard-wooded greenhouse plants, with ample luxuriant foliage growing from two to eight feet in height, producing their pendulous bell-shaped flowers from the axils of their leaves in the greatest profusion during, at least, nine months of the year. Within the last ten years there has been a wonderful improvement in the Abutilon. Then we had only a few varieties of coarse tree-like growth and straggling habit, producing crimson or orange-colored flowers with only a few varying shades. Now we have varieties of dwarf compact habit, profuse flowering qualities, and in color varying from dark crimson to pure white, to say nothing of those varieties with variegated foliage, the foliage being so beautifully blocked and blotched with green and gold, that it bears more resemblance to a piece of mosaic work than to the foliage of a plant.

The Abutilons are deservedly popular plants on account of their freedom from insects, cleanly habits, ease of cultivation; and rapid growth combined with their free flowering qualities. The Abutilons form a class of plants that require but little skill for their successful cultivation, they will thrive and do well in ordinary potting soils, and in the Winter they require a temperature of from 40° to 50°, with a liberal supply of water at the roots, and occasionally a sprinkling over the leaves. The most preferable method of cultivation is to obtain young plants early in May, place them into three or four-inch pots, and then plunge the pots rather deeply in the flower-border; water, if necessary, during the Summer season, and about the first of September take up and re-pot in six or eight-inch pots, using a compost composed of two-thirds well-rotted sods and one-third well-rotted manure; water freely, and place them in a shaded situation until they have taken hold of the soil, then expose to the sun until the approach of frost, when they should be brought inside. The next season they can be planted out in the open border, or, if it is desired to retain them for another season, they should be trimmed into shape, then turned out of their pots, and the ball of earth and roots reduced about one-half, re-pot into as small pots as possible, plunge and treat precisely as advised for young plants. To those who possess a greenhouse, two-year old plants are the most desirable on account of the immense quantity of flowers which they will produce, but for the window-garden young plants are to be preferred.

A. Mesopotamicum and *A. M. variegatum*, being of less vigorous growth and creeping or drooping habit,

require a somewhat different treatment. The plants should be planted out in the flower-border during the Summer, in order to obtain as vigorous a growth as possible; little or no trimming is required, as the larger and older the plants become the more flowers they produce. The plants can be trained up the sides of the window-garden, or on a low circular trellis for the greenhouse, or they can be placed in a hanging-basket, and suspended in the window-garden or from the rafters of the greenhouse.

Another excellent plan, and one more worthy of being generally adopted, is to inarch it on to *A. Santana Joseph Hill*, or any other variety of vigorous growth, about four feet in height. When well established, pinch back freely so as to form an umbrella-like head; when this is obtained, allow it to droop to the ground.

A. M. variegatum should be inarched on *A. Thompsonii*, or some variety with variegated foliage, in order to retain the variegation; for if inarched on those varieties with green foliage, it will not remain true. This variety can also be obtained by inarching *A. Mesopotamicum* on *A. Thompsonii*, or any variety with variegated foliage.

There are so many varieties of the Abutilon that it is quite difficult to select a few of the most distinct, but those enumerated below are about the most desirable.

Arthur Belsham. A large finely-formed flower, of a deep crimson orange color, without any markings on the outside.

Auguste Vassewold. A fine variety with variegated foliage, the large leaves being beautifully blocked with green, yellow and creamy white.

Blood-Red. A very free flowering variety with large blood-red flowers, which are marked with very dark veins.

Boule de Nieve. The pure white bell-shaped flowers of this variety are very freely produced, even on small plants. It is of dwarf compact habit, and is a splendid pot plant.

Darwinii majus. This is another free flowering variety, with very large flowers of an orange crimson color with purple veins. The flowers average two inches in diameter, on strong healthy plants.

Darwinii tessellata variegata. This is a variety with beautifully variegated foliage, and dark orange-purple parachute-shaped flowers, which are produced in great perfection. One of the best and most distinct.

Duc de Malakoff variegata. This is a beautiful variety, the large leaves of which are blotched and mottled with green and gold, and large crimson flowers.

Joseph Hill. Has large flowers of a deep orange color marked with deep crimson veins, one of the best and most desirable.

J. H. Skinner. Is a most profuse flowering variety, with large reddish salmon flowers, a very distinct and desirable variety.

L. B. Case. A very free flowering variety with crimson-red flowers, which have purple veins.

Roseoflorum. Has very large rose-colored flowers, which are beautifully veined with bright pink; very distinct, one of the best.

Santana. A vigorous growing variety, with immense flowers of a brownish-crimson color, the veins being bright red.

Thompsonii. One of the oldest and best known sorts, an excellent variety with variegated foliage.

Mesopotamicum. A variety of drooping habit, entirely distinct from any of the above-described species, both in foliage and flowers, the flowers hang in regular

rows down the flexible branches. The calyx is scarlet and the petals of a golden-yellow color.

Mesopotamicum variegatum is a variety of the above from which it differs only in its foliage, being beautifully blocked with green and gold. One of the most beautiful and distinct, and worthy of a place in all collections.

CHAS. E. PARNELL.

Queens, L. I.

FLOWER GARDENING.

HINTS FOR NOVEMBER.

MOST of the gardens in the Middle and Western States are now bereft of beauty, and are clothed in nature's weeds. Occasionally we see a garden as gay and cheerful as though it were August, the owner having devoted a reasonable amount of room for Chrysanthemums, perennial Asters, Tricyrtis, Golden-rod and the fragrant *Gnaphalium*, not wishing the hedge-rows to monopolize all the beauty an Indian Summer affords. Now is the time, more than any other, to make a list of such plants as will blossom after the first frosts have killed all the more tender kinds. Now is the time the common and fringed Gentians reward the possessor a thousand-fold for all the trouble and expense he has been to to secure them. More beautiful flowers never grew, and none ever grew more cheerfully or more freely than the Gentians, yet how rarely are they met. We have not them in our own garden, nor anything half so beautiful, yet, they can be had by the thousand within fifteen minutes walk from our house, but we are going to have them next year, unless we neglect it. Those who make a specialty of hardy herbaceous plants have no tears of sympathy for those who have lost all their flowers, because the hardy plants that prefer to blossom in Autumn have got a month to develop their beauty and gladden the eyes of their possessors.

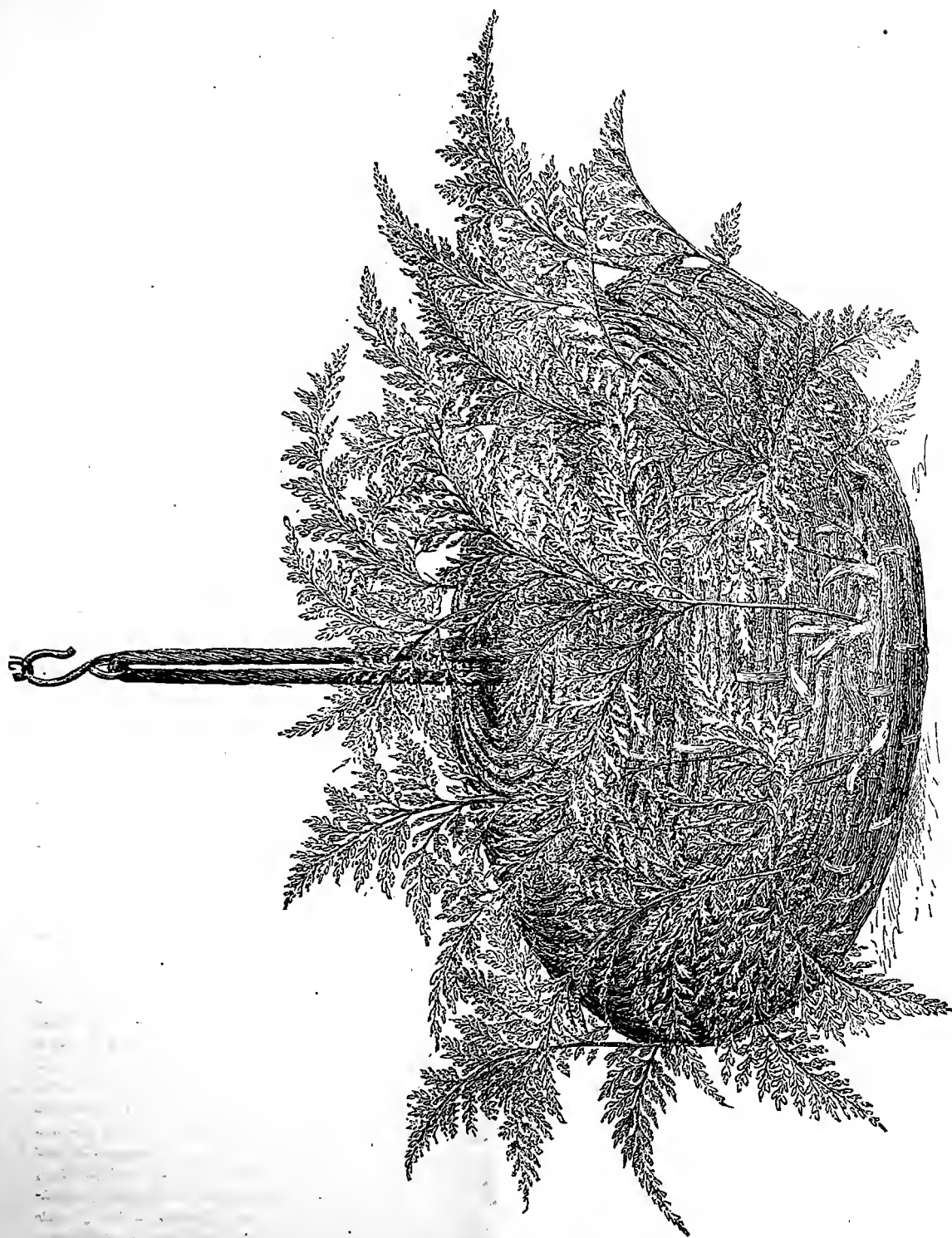
There is no month in the year in which so much work is required in the garden as November. Plants of every description that are to be taken up, either for winter blooming in the conservatory, parlor, or greenhouse, or those that require rest and a situation free from frost, must now be looked after. This is the month, too, when hardy herbaceous plants should be taken up, when desired, separated and replanted. If not already attended to, as should have been, this is the month to plant bulbs, Lilies, Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocuses, etc., etc. It should be borne in mind that most kinds of bulbs are gross feeders, and require an enriched soil, the best of which is well-rotted sod; if you do not have this, then use well pulverized manure, that from the cow-stable is the best. Hyacinths, in particular, require a very rich soil; when planted in such, they make a splendid bed for the flower-garden, flowering beautifully, besides making good bulbs for another season. They will bloom tolerably well in a poor soil; in such the bulb will be useless for another year. Hardy Gladioli also flourish far better when they are planted in a bed or border of nicely-prepared compost; and Lilies, more than any other flower, should have a rich bed. Few persons are aware of the beauty a bed of Crocuses presents; Snow-

drops, Narcissus, and many other things of this class, should now be planted in beds or borders, in such a manner that annuals or bedding-plants may be intermixed at the proper time in Spring, thus keeping up a succession of bloom.

This is the finishing up month of the year, as far as garden work is concerned. Dead vines should be taken from their trellises or cords; all weeds or useless plants should be collected and burned. Under no circumstances ever throw weeds into the compost-heap; there their seeds are preserved and disseminated in Spring-time; cremation was fore-ordained for them. There is, however, one better use for weeds than to burn them, that is hoe them; then you will not have them at all; then neither they, nor their children after them, will torment you again. After all, persistent weeds are the gardener's best friend; they keep him at work, and every time the soil is worked it is benefited, or rather the plants are. Hence weeds are blessings in disguise, and the disguise is very thick in most cases. Ridge up all hard or clayey soils, in order that the frost may thoroughly disintegrate the particles, and render it light and friable in spring; tie up all wayward branches or straggling vines, mulch your trees, shrubs, and borders of hardy plants; top-dress the lawn, for a well-kept lawn is the most beautiful part of your enclosure.

If the Dahlias still remain in the ground, take advantage of the first dry day to have them all taken up, and safely put away in a shed or any convenient dry place till they are well dried; and before they are finally set by for the Winter, be sure to secure the labels firmly to each.

November is likewise the best month for beginning to plant forest-trees, shrubs, etc., and particularly those which are larger than the common-sized nursery plants; for, by planting them now, they are enabled to get a fair hold of the soil before Spring, and are thus better prepared to begin their young growths vigorously and at the proper time. In planting, one of the principal things is to preserve and spread out carefully all the roots, and not to tread them into the ground until after they have been well covered with soil; nor, even then, to trample about them beyond what is absolutely needful to fix them properly in their places. A very considerable retardment of the plant's progress results from inattention to these trifling circumstances. And no plant can reasonably be expected to flourish which has its roots much mutilated, or cramped into a kind of impervious cell by treading.



DAVALLIA BULLATA.

DAVALLIA BULLATA.

(Hare's-foot Fern.)

BY PETER HENDERSON.

THESE ferns are popularly known as Hare's-foot fern, on account of the scaly *rhizomes* of many of the species bearing some resemblance to the foot of that animal. It is a very distinctive genus, and one of the most elegant to be found in our greenhouses, and is also one of the most useful in the list of ornamental house plants. The creeping *rhizomes* (under-ground stems) of this species are sometimes found more than fifty feet in length, running in all directions and throwing up their graceful fronds every few inches their entire length.

The Japanese have been fortunate in their adaptation of these straggling ferns to objects of real beauty. They form them into a variety of shapes, such as wreaths, globes, houses, ships, and, in fact, any desired form. The stems being tough, and as flexible as twine, this is a very simple matter; the *rhizomes* being bedded in, and covered with moss, until it is about one-and-a-half inches in diameter, the whole being closely wound with fine cord. The engraving shows one of the ferns recently imported by us, a globe. When received it was perfectly

dormant and leafless, but upon placing them in our moist fern-houses, they almost immediately commenced what soon proved a most vigorous growth. In less than three weeks the fronds were perfectly developed, and more beautiful objects for the conservatory or garden we have not seen. The ease with which they can be grown is an important consideration in view of their introduction as house plants.

In the humid atmosphere of the fern-house, syringing once a day will furnish all the moisture required for healthy growth; but when kept in rooms, the best way to apply moisture would be to dip them in a pail or tub of water, say twice a week, leaving them long enough to thoroughly saturate the moss (sphagnum) in which they are growing.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS, N. J.

[We are under obligations to Mr. Henderson for an opportunity to figure this beautiful object, and for his interesting description, and method of culture of the same].

WONDERS OF THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

NO. II.

THERE does not appear to be any selfish principle in nature; nothing seems to subsist for itself alone. Every created thing lives, works and dies for the benefit of some other creation. Every little plant and flower, ascending from the lowest orders of vegetation to the highest, has some allotted duty to perform, either as connected with insects, animals or men. Some are designed for food; others furnish medicine for the various disorders incident to the countries in which they grow; whilst many others, as Campbell says, "seem like way-marks placed in the wilderness, to proclaim in language, audible to the ear of reason, the greatness and benevolence of God." He mentions, that in crossing the plains in Africa, far distant from any stream of water, where no cool shade refreshed the weary traveler, and, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but heaps of sand, extending like the undulations of the sea, he remarked several creeping plants of luxuriant vegetation. They were covered with berries, containing nearly as much as three tea-spoons full of water. On inspecting them more closely, he was astonished and delighted to observe a number of mice, the only inhabitants of that inhospitable spot, busily employed in nibbling off the berries and carrying them to their holes as seamen would convey casks of water to their ships.

The *Lamium palustre*, a native of Labrador, is also a beautiful instance of the wonderful economy of nature in the adaptation of plants to the necessities of animals. The leaves are formed like spoons, and are all inverted, the concave side being upwards; consequently, when it rains, they are filled with water, and afford a fresh supply to the winged inhabitants of the air.

The *Stapelia* is a genus of plant found in the interior

of Africa, which, from its wonderful facility for retaining water amidst the severest droughts, has been termed, with an elegant and happy similitude, the camel of the vegetable world. Naturalists hesitate concerning the source of its supply in those torrid regions, where the air and the earth are equally destitute of moisture, but like the camel, it occasionally imbibes large quantities of fluid, and retains them to supply the deficiencies of dryer seasons.

The *Nepenthes distillatoria*, or pitcher-plant, indigenous in the island of Java, is found on the most stony and arid situations, where it must wither and perish but for the provident economy of nature. At the foot-stalk of each leaf, and near the base, is attached a small bag, shaped like a pitcher, of the same consistence and color as the leaf is in the early stage of its growth, but changing with age to a reddish purple. It is girt around with a lid, neatly fitted, and moveable on a kind of a hinge or strong fibre, which, passing over the handle of the pitcher, connects the vessel with the leaf. By the contraction of this fibre the lid is drawn up whenever the weather is showery or dew falls, which appears to be exactly contrary to what generally happens in nature; though the contraction is occasioned, probably, by the hot and dry atmosphere, and the expansion of the fibres does not take place until the moisture has fallen and saturated the pitcher; when this is the case, the cover falls down and closes so firmly as to prevent any evaporation. The water being gradually absorbed through the handle into the foot-stalk, gives vigor to the leaf, and substance to the plant. As soon as the water in the pitchers is exhausted, the lids again open to admit any moisture that may fall; and when the plant has produced seed, and the dry season fairly sets in,

it withers with all the covers of the pitchers standing open.

The *Tillandsia Utriculata*, or Wild Pine, of the West Indies, has every leaf terminated near the stalk with a hollow bucket, which contains from half a pint to a quart of water, which is kept in store until required for the sustenance of the plant.

The joints of the *Silphium perfoliatum* are each of them surrounded with a cup, which serves as a reservoir of water. It grows during the summer to the height of twelve or fourteen feet, these cups of water keeping the plant continually green.

The swamps of the Bay of Campeachy, which are on a level with the sea, become so completely parched during the heat of summer, that the huntsmen who lose themselves in the extensive forests with which they are covered would be in danger of perishing with thirst, were they not provided with living fountains in the wilderness. The trunks of a kind of pine, indigenous to the soil, are covered with a species of fungus, called, from their peculiar form, pine-apples. They resemble a packet of leaves piled one upon the other, and are so full of sap, that, on making an incision in them with a knife at the base, nearly a pint of clear and wholesome juice immediately distils.

What a wonderful provision is made for a regular supply of pure water, to an island destitute of that blessing, is found in the raining-tree of the Canaries. Every morning a mist arises from the sea, which rests on the thick leaves and wide spreading branches of the tree, and distils in drops, during the remainder of the day, till it is at length exhausted. The peculiar situation of the tree enables it more readily to attract the mist, as it stands on a rock at the termination of a long and narrow valley. This interesting tree is an evergreen, of considerable size, with leaves resembling the laurel. The water which distils from it furnishes every family

on the island with what is sufficient for domestic purposes, and persons are appointed by the council to distribute the necessary supplies.

The *Artocarpus*, or bread-fruit tree, offers to the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands a valuable substitute for bread. It enables the happy islanders, by the labor of a few hours in planting the bread-fruit tree, to fulfil their duty to their own and future generations, as effectually as the natives of less temperate climates, by ploughing in the spring-time and reaping in the summer's heat; providing a supply for present wants, and converting the surplus into money.

Never was the bountiful provision of nature more wonderfully evinced than in furnishing mankind with bed and bedding in the savage wilderness of Lycksele, Lapland. The *Polytrichum Commune*, or great hair-moss, grows luxuriantly in their damp forests, and is used for this purpose. They choose the starry-headed plants, out of the tufts of which they cut a surface as large as they please, for a bed and bolster; separating it from the earth beneath, and although the roots are scarcely branched, they are, nevertheless, so much entangled at the roots as not to be separated from each other. This mossy covering is very soft and elastic, not growing hard by pressure; and, if a similar portion of it be made to serve as a coverlet, nothing can be more warm and comfortable. If it becomes too dry and compressed, its former elasticity is restored by a little moisture. Nature, in providing for the wants of man, has not forgotten to defend the capsule of the hair-moss from the injury of the weather. It is covered with an umbrella, in the form of a cone, which, as the seeds begin to ripen, loosens from the capsule to which it had before adhered, and at length falls off. The stem, which supports the seed-vessel, previously reverses its position, and, turning the capsule towards the earth, completely empties the seeds as from a pitcher.

VIOLETS.

We walked beside the brook.

I gathered violets growing in the moss,
And said, "If fairies should come here to look
For blossoms, they would never note the loss
Of those I took."

"I've read in poet's lore,"

He said, and looked away toward the west,
"That when a mortal's life on earth is o'er,
He changes to the flower he loves the best
And lives once more,

"Immortal then;" and he

Broke one sweet blossom from its slender stalk
And gave it as an offering to me,
To keep in memory of that April walk
Along the lea.

"Flowers are immortal things;

And when I die"—I could not help but start—

"I'll change into a violet, and the springs
Will drop their gold in my uplifted heart;
And fairy wings

"Will fan me as I blow

In mossy places close beside the brook,
And you will often come that way, and lo!
Blue violets' eyes in your dear eyes will look;
My eyes you'll know;

"And every bloom shall be—

Believe me, dear, these words of mine are true—
A tender thought borne from my heart of thee,
So you shall know how much I think of you
Whene'er you see

"The violets on my grave

In Spring. And underneath the Winter's snow,
When over me the stormy north winds rave,
If you but seek, some blooms you'll find, I know,
Upon my grave."

Oh, few brief months ago!

To-day I wandered by the little brook,
And from his grave beneath the feathery snow
Some violets, sweet as were his eyes, I took.
He thought of me, I know.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

CENTURY PLANTS.

BY WILLIAM FALCONER.



CENTURY Plants are common favorites, they always look so fresh and plump, and they are so accommodating and easily cared for. In the window-garden, small specimens may do duty as decorative

plants the whole season long, or you may set them out-of-doors during the Summer months, and lay them aside in the cellar for the Winter season—it matters little; they live and thrive and appear grateful for an existence. In vases, painted pots, half nail-kegs or scalded butter-firkins, we set our Century Plants, and place them on either side of our door steps, or on pedestals in little flower beds, and let vines grow up and among their leaves; or we may stud them in carpet and “succulent” beds, as we often see them used in public parks and cemeteries.

Century Plants, botanically known as *Agave*, are indigenous to California, Utah, Texas, Mexico, and some other parts, but most of all to Mexico. The common Century Plant or American Aloe (*Agave Americana*) is the large-leaved one most common in cultivation, and the common variegated one, whose variegation is a wide yellow band along the edges of the leaves, also another one with a broad yellow marking along the middle of the leaf, are only varieties of it. Its name would lead one to believe that it blossoms but once in a hundred years, but that impression is all nonsense; according to its manner of living, artificial or natural, it may blossom when ten years old, or it may be many years older. There is another misunderstanding in regard to its flowering, namely, that when it blossoms it dies. Well, the sprout from which the flower stem was produced dies, as a rule, but a multitude of sprouts come up all around, as in the case of a Golden-Rod or a Banana, and which perpetuate the plant *ad infinitum*. But there are some species, like *Scolymus*, that are not apt to bear suckers, hence in their case the plant does die after blooming, unless the buds at the base of the leaves grow out.

Again, there are some that bloom and then throw out a top side-shoot as an Aloe-leaved Yucca does; we have a specimen of *micrantha* now in that condition. *A. vivipara* sometimes produces little plants on its flower-spike after the flowers are faded, somewhat after the style of bulblets of a Tiger-Lily.

All Century Plants are easily raised from seeds, but seed are not always to be had.

There are a great many kinds of Century Plants or *Agaves*, and, in their way, most of them are decorative. Some have large hooked and contorted spines along the edges of their leaves, as in the case of *Ferox*, *Gilbeyi* and *Horrida*; some have no spines at all, for instance *Glaucescens* and *Ellemtiana*; some form dense rosettes as *Verschaffeltii*; others rise on tall stems as *Shawii*, or extend their fierce contorted leaves inelegantly like *Xylacantha*; some have long strap-shaped leaves, as *Yuccaefolia* and *Lava*; others a mass of short, narrow, rigid foliage as *Hystrix*; *Filifera*, *Filamentosa* and *Schidigera* are furnished with white thread or shaving-like

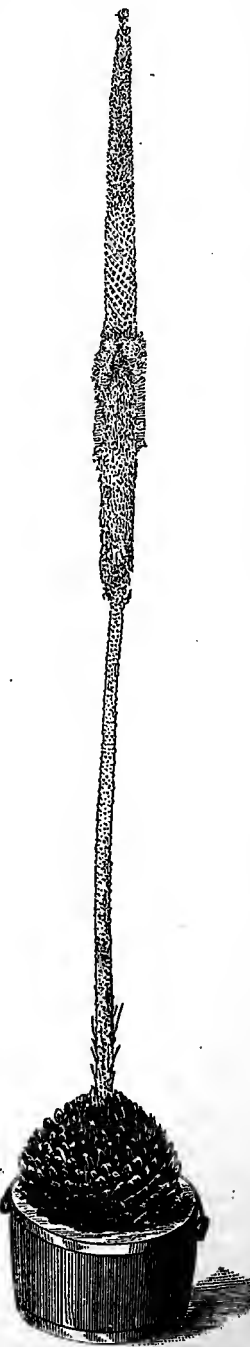
filaments that add much to their ornamental appearance. The color of the leaves varies in different kinds, some are pale green, others deep green, glaucous or bluish green; and the color of the spines is equally variable—whitish, yellowish, brown or black.

Besides this section of *Agaves*, whose leaves are as permanent as their life, there is another section known as herbaceous, whose leaves die off every year, as is the case with *A. Virginica*, which is a hardy plant and blossoms every year.

The blossoms of *Agaves* are mostly of a whitish-green, greenish-yellow or purplish hue, and according to the section may be produced in dense spikes (as shown in our illustration), or on telegraph-pole like spikes, with, at the top, horizontally disposed arms; in this fashion the common Century Plant blossoms. Some sorts as *Densiflora* and *Yuccaefolia* bloom frequently. Just before flowering, the young inner leaves, instead of being wide and full like the outer ones, are narrower and often shorter.

Century Plants need no special treatment. In potting them use good loamy soil, with a little well-rotted manure in it, and pack the soil firmly. Sand, gravel, lime-rubbish, pounded bricks and leaf mold are quite unnecessary, perhaps worse than useless, as peat certainly is. They do not require repotting every year, unless you wish for big plants. They like lots of water, and a little manure-water now and again, if you will, during the Summer, but very little water indeed, if any, in Winter. And they will thrive well enough on stinted Summer measure. They do not like to be exposed during prolonged wet muggy weather, nor is it well to let them get frozen; still, many of them will bear a few degrees of frost with impunity. By planting them out in Summer, and lifting and potting them for Winter, large plants are soon

secured; but I question if this is good policy, except in the case of weakly plants, as they appear best and pret-



tiest when moderately small and compact. The Queen Victoria Century Plant (*Agave Victoriae Reginae*), the subject of our illustration, is one of the rarest and most beautiful of the genus. It is a native of Northern Mexico, where it is found in a somewhat inaccessible locality in the mountains, a day's journey from Monterey. The plant which we have figured is the one which blossomed a month or two ago at the botanical garden of Harvard College, and which is a ma-

ture specimen of its kind, the largest in cultivation, and the only one that has ever been seen in blossom. The flower-stem rises 11 feet above the body of the plant, and is terminated by a dense raceme of yellowish flowers that open a few at a time, beginning at the lower part of the raceme. The leaves are numerous, between 200 and 300, prettily striped with white, and terminated by a dark brown spine.

BOTANIC GARDEN, Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 14.

NEW YORK HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

OCTOBER MEETING.

THE October meeting of the New York Horticultural Society was fully equal, in point of numbers, to any of the season. The display of flowers, though by no means as large and varied as on many occasions, was good; some specimens of rare beauty and interest were noticed on the tables.

The Rose-growers were not represented, even in person; this, however, is not to be wondered at, as at this season the details of the flower-grower's business requires his attention in the greenhouse, in order to prepare for the Winter's trade, his harvest. We expect to see the tables furnished, in future, with Roses in greater variety and profusion than ever before exhibited at our Society's meetings. We feel warranted in making this assertion, from the preparation we have witnessed at some of the leading establishments.

Among the rare flowers exhibited were several branches, well loaded, of the *Stenocarpus Cunninghami*, a lofty growing tree from Tropical Australia, producing its indescribable flowers, of a dark orange-red color, in axillary clusters in the greatest profusion. In its general appearance this tree greatly resembles the Oak; it is strictly a greenhouse evergreen, and is but rarely met, even in the most rare collections. For this display the society was indebted to C. E. Parnell, gardener to W. F. D. Manice, Esq., of Queens, N. Y. Mr. Parnell has been very successful in the cultivation of this rare and beautiful tree.

The collections of cut flowers were fair, though not up to the average. In this class there were but two exhibitors, Messrs. Hallock, Son & Thorpe, and C. E. Parnell, Esq., to whom were awarded the first and second

prizes respectively. C. L. Allen & Co. were awarded the first prize for the greatest display of Dahlias, the second being well earned by Messrs. Hallock & Thorpe, the same firm taking the first prize for the best twelve varieties, the second being awarded to Thomas Tait, Esq. Messrs. Allen were awarded a certificate of merit for a new Seedling Dahlia, "Marguerite," a beautiful pompon variety, of a bright rose color, perfect form, and a profuse bloomer—one of the very best varieties yet introduced.

Mr. Roenbeck of Bayonne, N. J., made a grand display of Ferns and Begonias; among the latter was a new seedling of the Rex variety, called *Murklandii*, in honor of James Y. Murkland, Esq., the secretary of the Society.

A fine show of seedling *Gladiolus* from C. L. Allen & Co.'s Bulb farm, attracted considerable attention. Conspicuous in this class was a variety called Dr. John Terry, an immense spike of very large well arranged flowers, color bright, rosy-pink, with a lighter centre and a delicate white line through the centre of each petal. All the petals were well rounded, and of great substance; eleven fully developed flowers, the lower ones four inches in diameter, are on the spike, besides several well-developed buds.

Mrs. Morgan, who always takes a warm interest in the Society, sent a small, but choice, collection of Orchids, consisting of *Oncidiums*, *Cattleya's* and *Cypripediums*.

A very interesting and instructive paper on Orchid Culture, by W. Gray, gardener to Erastus Corning, Esq., Albany, N. Y., was read by the secretary.

LATE AUTUMN FLOWERS IN WISCONSIN.

HERE, at the West, we have a great variety of wild flowers, and there is always a good show of color from May to November. But the most brilliant display comes in September and October. The early months give us flowers of more delicate hues. As the season advances the colors deepen, until the close of it comes to us with a grand burst of brilliance, that is like the concluding chord of harmony in a grand triumphal overture.

This Autumn has been an unusually delightful one. The weather has been mild, and the days full of sunshine, and I have been obliged to put by book and pen, nearly every afternoon, and go out into the pastures and on the hills to enjoy the beauty that is scattered everywhere most prodigally.

Every old pasture is gorgeous—no other word expresses the meaning so well—with the radiant, glowing beauty of the Golden-Rod. One can easily imagine that the fields are on fire. Nowhere have I ever seen it growing so plentifully, and in such luxuriance as here. It runs riot in every field where men and browsing animals give it half a chance to show what it can do. From my window I can see patches of it on a hill half a mile away, that seem a solid sheet of gold. It is sunshine transmuted by some subtle alchemy of nature into bloom.

Growing in clumps among the Golden-Rod, you come upon the wild Aster. While its tints are subdued into Quakerish effect beside the glowing color of its neigh-

bor, it is equally as beautiful, and the two are in strong contrast but perfect harmony. One seems the complement of the other. We have several varieties of this most delightful flower. The earlier ones are nearly white, and grow along the banks of the streams. They are small, and we often gather them for use in the parlor. Combined with flowers of brighter coloring, they are very useful and effective. By and by the larger-growing varieties begin to bloom, and as the Autumn grows older the Asters deepen in color, until they are of a soft lavender, and we often come upon some that are almost a purple. I know of no other Fall flower that seems so much like a friend as the Aster does. It looks up at you trustingly, and wins your heart once by its unassuming, gentle way. It always seems to me as if it reached out its hand and laid it in mine, as some children do when they want to get acquainted, and hardly have the courage to say much at first.

Then we have a Lobelia, the Cardinal flower you read so much about and so seldom see, that bears away the palm from everything else in the way of brilliance. If you have not seen it growing along the streams or the edges of marshes in the West, you have never seen it growing in perfection, and you have but little idea what it is capable of doing in the way of show. It is most intense in color, and as it grows in great clumps three and four feet across, and as many in height, each spike of bloom from a foot to eighteen inches in length, you can imagine something of the effect it produces. I have seen the bank of the stream wholly covered with it for rods. One never ceases of admiring its gorgeous color, but it does not win your friendship as the Golden-Rod and Aster do. It seems a kind of gypsy among plants. You see its picturesqueness, and think it would work up well in a picture, but you don't care to have it growing in your garden. It is something to admire at a distance; you cannot be familiar with it; and you could not if you would. It will not adapt itself to domestication. If you want to enjoy it you must seek it out in its own haunts. You cannot bring it to yours and have it remain the same flower you admired so much in nature's garden.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

Watering Plants in Pots.

Some people attempt to keep pot-plants without giving them any water at all; the result is familiar to every one. Usually, however, the earth in the pot or box is kept soaked and very much in the condition of an ordinary swamp. It is even said that malaria has resulted from living in rooms containing house plants owing to the damp soil. We have ourselves seen dead evergreens pulled out of boxes full of mud. *Neuste Erfindung* gives utterance to the following timely remarks:

Watering plants is one of the most important things in the culture of house plants, and very special care should be devoted to it. Plants ought not to be wet until they need it. It will be evident that they require wetting, if on taking the earth from the pot, it crumbles to pieces like dust; a sure sign is to knock on the side of the pot, near the middle, with the finger knuckle. If it gives forth a hollow ring, the plants needs water; if there is a dull sound, there is still moisture enough to sustain the plant. Plants must not be wet more than once or twice a day: on dry, clear days they require

more water than on damp, cloudy days. On the other hand the earth must not be allowed to dry out entirely, for that is also very injurious. In wetting them the water must be poured on in such a way that it will run out again through the hole in the bottom of the pot. If the earth gets too dry, it is best to place the pot in water so that the water will saturate the dirt very gradually. They may be watered at any hour of the day, except when the sun is shining on the pot or has just left it; for the earth gets hot when the sun shines on it, and then if cold water is poured on it, it will cool off too rapidly. The best time for watering flowers in summer is the evening, and in winter noon is best. Well water should *never* be used, but always use either rain-water or brook-water.

A NEW plant possessing anti-malarial properties, as alleged, is receiving public attention. This is the *Jussiaea grandiflora*, or floating plant of the bayous and lower lakes of Louisiana, which has been long observed to prevent the development of malaria in regions peculiarly adapted to its generation. The claim is put forth for it that it purifies all stagnant water in which it grows, that the lakes and bayous inhabited by it are singularly pure to the sight, taste, and smell; and that to its presence, and its undoubted hygienic or health-preserving qualities, is to be attributed the remarkable exemption of the people of lower Louisiana from malarious or miasmatic diseases. It is also stated that in the region thus reputedly preserved from such diseases there are more stagnant waters and swamps than in any other part of the country.

My Wild Garden.

So I call my collection of hardy plants. At this season of the year, when flowers are scarce, almost anything proves acceptable, but those with showy petals are doubly so. Just now (the first of September) a little group of the showy yellow-fringed Orchis (*Habenaria ciliars*) are especially gay in a shady nook. The closed Gentian (*Gentian Andreus*) although not so showy as most of the other species, is yet exceedingly pretty and easily grown. The large clusters of blue flowers are very conspicuous at this season of the year. The Butterfly-weed, or Pleurisy-root, as some term it, still continues to bloom, although its regular season is past, and nothing remains of its closely allied species excepting their seed pots. This is the *Asclepias tuberosa* of botanists, and is one of our most showy native plants, the numerous umbels of bright orange-red flowers making it a welcome guest. The asters are just opening out; and what a host of them there is. The rays, white, purple, or blue, are in many instances not very showy, but in others particularly so. One of the finer species is the New-England Aster, a tall, beautiful plant, frequently found in cultivation.

The Day-lilies (*Funkia*) are very nearly past, the pretty little *F. ivafolia* bringing up the rear. Its multitude of slender stems are crowned with pale blue flowers and are neat and pleasing. Many of the compound flowers are now in their glory; a family, the largest in our flora, is designated as the *Compositae*, and well represented by the Asters and Sunflowers. In my wild garden, growing in the greatest luxuriance, may be found

several of these, mainly yellow in hue, but all certainly attractive to me at least. One of the best, as it is the most curious, has been termed the compass-plant, on account of the circumstance that many of the leaves stand vertically with their edges pointing north and south. It has a tall stem, with large deeply-cut foliage and bright yellow flowers. In the books it is called the *Silphium laciniatum*. Some of the species of tickseed or *Coreopsis*, for there are several of them, are well worthy of a spot in our collections. I mention as especially fine just now, the *C. tripteris* or tall coreopsis. The *rudbeckia* or cone-flowers, a portion of which are rather troublesome to our neat farmers, are quite handsome in bloom. The Bell-flowers (*Campanula*) notwithstanding their proper season for flowering is past are still decked with scattering drooping bells of white or blue. A place can scarcely be called a garden without one or more representatives of this large and valuable family.

The Soup-worts are yet in bloom, a genus represented rather too plentifully with us around old gardens by the

Bouncing Bet (*Saponaria officinalis*). Some of the double forms are very pretty and well worth cultivation. The native spider-wort (*Tradescantia Virginica*) is also past its prime, but an occasional cluster of blue or white flowers remains to remind us how handsome it has been earlier in the year. The prettiest of them all at this present time is the very beautiful *Sedum spectabile*, a "stonecrop" so very distinct, that every lover of plants should enjoy its presence. The large cymes of flowers are frequently six inches across, and of a lovely rose color. It is hardy and not too particular as to the nature of the soil. In the foregoing remarks I have not mentioned a tithe of the pretty plants that may now seek our wild gardens, but only such as appealed to my eye as I walked among my own humble collection. Would that it were more fashionable to cultivate them, with even a small portion of the care so frequently given the tender vegetation of the tropics, and which in many cases are no more handsome than these "common" native plants.—*Josiah Hoopes*.

ALLEGHENY CITY PARK.

ALLEGHENY county, Pennsylvania, is situated on the north side of the Allegheny river, at its confluence with the Monongahela, and is connected with the city of Pittsburgh by five bridges. It is to Pittsburgh what Brooklyn is to New York. The title to the land now covered by the city of Allegheny was originally vested in the State, and in 1787 an Act of Assembly was passed, appointing a commission to survey and lay out the town of Allegheny, "and without the said town one hundred acres for a common pasture." The town lots were afterward sold, and in the patents given to the purchasers there was granted to them the "free use, liberty and privilege of said common."

This original and central town site was only about two thousand feet square, and it was entirely surrounded by this one hundred acres of common ground, of which the larger part was on the west side. For a great many years the "common ground" was the most unsightly part of the city; there was very little grass, but plenty of weeds, and it was the place where all the ashes and rubbish of the city was deposited. Many public spirited citizens had for years been mortified by the disgraceful condition of the "common ground," and the shameful spectacle of opportunities unimproved. In 1868, however, legislation was obtained appointing "Park Commissioners" with power to issue bonds, and to make such improvements as might be determined upon. Since then improvements have been going on with marked success. All the bonds issued have been taken up and paid, and the entire cost of the improvements to this date exceeds \$300,000. The present current expenses of maintaining the park are met by annual appropriations by the city councils.

The improvements thus far made, as may be inferred from the cost, are of considerable extent, and are both natural and artificial. Besides a large expanse of well-kept lawn, dotted with trees and groups of shrubbery, and intersected by ornamental walks and drives, there are elegant fountains, charming little lakes and rustic

bridges, several fine monuments, and such a series of glass plant houses, as are necessary in maintaining a somewhat elaborate system of floral and foliage decorations during the Summer months. One house is devoted to the cultivation of the choicest tropical plants, Palms, Orchids, etc., etc., a centre of interest both in summer and winter.

Thus it will be seen that Allegheny Park is a park and something more; in fact, a garden combined with a park, and having all the advantages of both. Easily accessible from all parts of the city, it is the common resort of multitudes of people, old and young, especially on holidays and during the Summer evenings. It is a bit of the fresh country in the very heart of the sooty city, with the additional benefits secured by the highest cultivation. Such a public city garden, with seats to accommodate the weary, smooth walks for baby carriages and romping children, the beautiful treats for the eye that the rare flowers and ribbon borders afford, which are in the greatest variety and profusion, is certainly better than the once intended cow pasture.

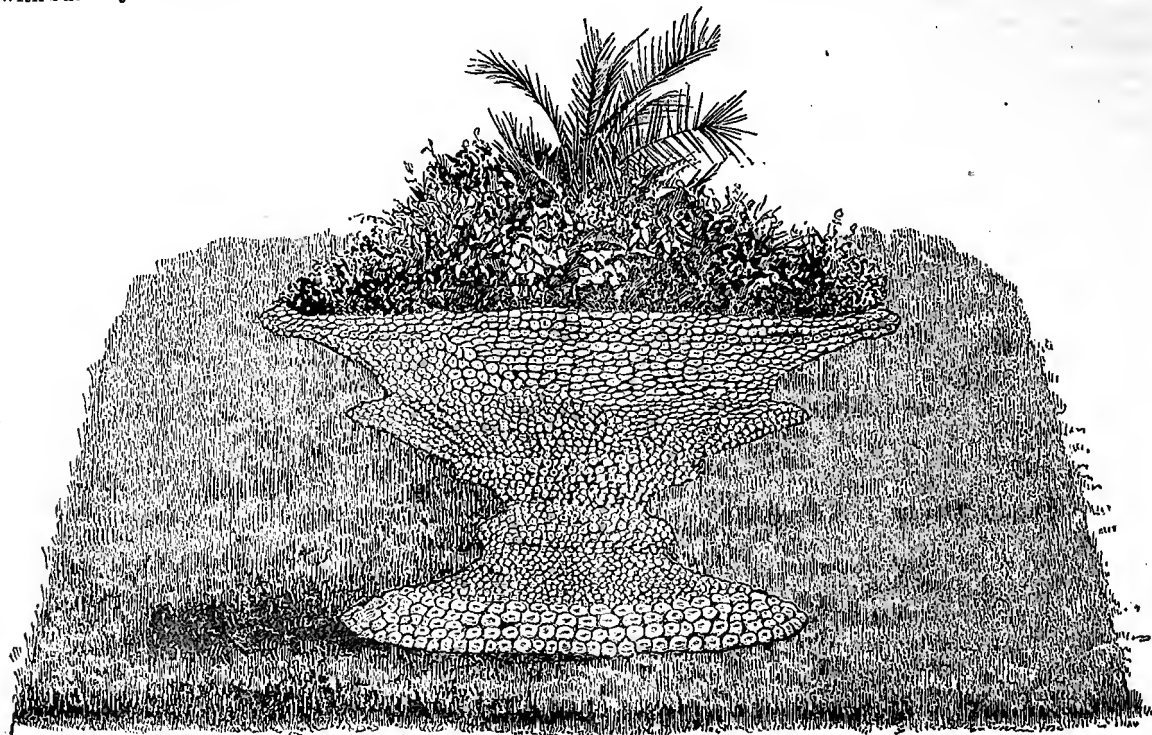
Not least among the public benefits already enjoyed and insured for the future, is the elevating and educating influences of beauty in nature and art, when constantly present in the common walks of life. Of course good examples of taste will be imitated, and a public improvement will extend through many private branches. This fact is not forgotten in the management of Allegheny Park, as will be seen in considering some interesting details.

WM. HAMILTON.

[We are under obligations to Mr. Hamilton for the above interesting history and description of Allegheny Park. Some of the more important and beautiful features he has overlooked, from the fact, probably, of his being its superintendent. As it is not at all probable that he will see this article, we wish to add a few words in regard to his work. The bedding-out system, ribbon borders, and many other features of fashionable garden-

ing is not, as a rule, at all to our taste, owing to the fact that in a large majority of cases the work is so poorly done. Straight lines and broad masses of striking colors, with but very little regard for harmony, constitutes mod-

ern gardening. At Allegheny Park an immense amount of this work is done; more than one hundred and fifty thousand plants are used annually, and the work is so well done, that art is almost lost sight of; Mr. Hamilton



A CURIOUS VASE.

is a true artist, and makes everything seem perfectly natural. We figure one, or a portion of one, of his beds, composed of ordinary bedding plants, but so arranged as to appear to the beholder, standing but a few feet distant, to be an upright vase, filled with growing plants, when in fact, what appears to be the vase is but a mass of Echeverias in variety, but a few inches high; and what appears tall-growing plants are various bed-

ding plants arranged to produce the effect described; so perfectly is this work done, that when the deception is discovered, the beholder, by again stepping back a few feet, will again see the upright vase with its rare growing plants. There are many other objects in the park equally astonishing; and it is conceded by those well qualified to speak on such subjects, the finest ornamental gardening in this country.—Ed.]

AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

THE Fifty-first Annual Exhibition of the American Institute is now being held at their Hall, embracing the block bounded by the Second and Third avenues and 63d and 64th streets, New York; and, we should judge, the number and variety of exhibits are superior to any of the preceding years. The Horticultural department, at the present time, is particularly interesting, the show of flowers being far more extensive than we are accustomed to see at the monthly meetings of the New York Horticultural Society. Conspicuous among the cut flowers was a very fine display of Gladiolus, many new and very beautiful sorts, seedlings, from the nurseries of the most prominent growers in this country. It is a rare thing to see so many perfect flowers of this class, so late in the season; they can, however, be had by late plantings, in favorable seasons. To have Gladiolus in October, good, strong, healthy bulbs should be set aside, and not planted until the middle of July; then, if the

elements are kindly disposed, much larger and finer blooms will be obtained than from the early plantings.

The Dahlia, now in its perfection, contributed largely to the exhibition. There were several large exhibits, each embracing some fifty or more of the most beautiful sorts known to the trade. The new single varieties, that are now competing for the honors so lavishly bestowed on the double varieties, were greatly admired, they certainly merited all the attention they received, and if they do not become popular it will not be because they are not deserving. Among the new varieties, shown this season for the first time, was a beautiful rose-colored flower of the pompon class, perfect in form, petals clasping the stem and full to the centre, making a flower nearly globular in form. This new-comer will appear in the list of novelties the coming season under the name of Marguerite.

There were several fine exhibits of double Zinnias,

showing a marked improvement in this flower since its introduction, not only as regards form and size, but in distinctness of color. For Autumn flowers nothing surpasses a good collection of this common annual. Roses, Verbenas, Phloxes and miscellaneous cut flowers were in moderate profusion. One very fine display of *Petunia Graciflora variegata* was noticeable.

In bouquets and floral designs the display was not as large as usual, but was very good. Conspicuous in this class was a Plaque set on an easel covered with Ferns and Smilax, giving it a graceful, airy appearance. The centre of the Plaque was of yellow *Chrysanthemums*, or what is termed yellow *Marguerites*; in the centre, perched on a stick, were two owls made of blue *Ageratum*, presenting as nearly a natural appearance as any work of art could be made to do. This Plaque was set in a frame of crimson *Carnations*, ornamented with choice roses and rare vines. A companion piece was a yacht in full sail in a sea of *Lycopodium densum*, the border of which was a mass of Tea and other Roses arranged with the most perfect taste. The hull of the yacht was of crimson *Carnations*, the deck of yellow *Chrysanthemums*, bordered with violets; the sails were of paper covered with florats of Pampas Grass.

There was also a fine display of greenhouse and other plants, prominent among which we noticed several choice collections of Ferns and *Lycopodiums*, Agaves, *Crotons*, *Coleus*, *Geraniums*, *Carnations*, *Alocasias*, Palms, *Dracenas*, *Begonias*, etc., etc. We were particularly well pleased with some fine specimens of *Jasminum Hirsutum*, an old favorite, now coming into notice, having been laid aside many years to make room for plants greatly inferior in all the points that constitute a desirable plant.

Fertilizing Moss.

THE Dumesnil Fertilizing Moss Co., seem to think we do not put a proper estimate on their moss, when, in fact, we have not made an estimate on it at all. We simply said, growing plants in fertilized moss was nothing new, neither is there any secret in regard to its preparation. We still say so, and would refer the Company, or any others interested, to the experiments just made by Peter Henderson, Esq., the results of which were that plants of the same kind grown in the new (?) patent, in moss and bone-dust mixed, and in soil, all grown side by side, under precisely the same conditions, did not thrive any better under the one than the other. We wish to say, further, that we examined one of the pots at the American Institute, and found soil mixed with the moss, and are of the opinion that it did not injure the plant in the least.

Country Fairs.

WE are pleased to notice the encouragement given to those who grow flowers for their intrinsic worth, by the directors of the various agricultural societies. At the Queens County New York Fair, held at Mineola on the 26th, 27th and 28th of Sept., there were nearly four hundred dollars in prizes offered for flowers and plants, one-half of which was exclusively for amateurs. Of the prizes fully three-fourths were awarded to ladies, the most of which fell into the hands of those who culti-

vate them with their own hands, simply for the pleasure the pursuit affords.

This is a move in the right direction, one that cannot but encourage and stimulate the cultivation of plants and flowers to a very great extent.

In the floral department of the exhibition, there was a far better display than we have ever seen at any exhibition of our State Agricultural Society.

The Longest-Spurred Columbine.

AQUILEGIA LONGISSIMA.

THIS is a new Columbine, a native of the mountains of Northern Mexico, where it was first discovered, in 1880, by Dr. Edward Palmer. Dr. Palmer secured dried specimens for the herbarium and seeds for the garden here, and from those seeds I have raised several plants, some of which are now in flower. I raise my *Columbines* in Spring from seed, transplant them in cold frames in May, and leave them there till the succeeding Spring, when I transplant them to their blooming quarters. This new Columbine shared the same treatment with several others, and judging by how bravely it has come through the Winter, I have not found it to be in any way more tender than any other Columbine.

It belongs to the *Chrysantha* or Golden Columbine section, and appears somewhat like that species in habit of growth, color and form of flowers, and time of blooming. It appears to be less robust and profuse than the Golden Columbine, and not so good a decorative plant. It began to blossom in July, and it is still (August 24) in bloom, but at no time did it have a full crop of flowers on it, nor has it "set" a seed. The flowers are yellow, more open than those of *Chrysantha*, and odd-looking, on account of their very long, slender spurs, which hang down like fringe, or rather like dodder threads. They are quite pretty, too, but liable to damage by wind, sunshine or rain; in fact, they are so long, slender and much-in-the-way, as it were, that they are apt to be injured before they are properly developed. On our cultivated plants the spurs vary in length from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 inches, but on the wild specimens in the herbarium they are much longer.

Beyond the few plants that have been raised here, a few of which we have distributed, there are no others in cultivation, and should we fail to secure seeds from home-grown plants, I fear it may continue to be a very scarce plant. The following description of this Columbine is by Sereno Watson, in Vol. xvii. of the Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences:

"*AQUILEGIA LONGISSIMA*.—Grey in herb; somewhat pubescent, with silky hairs; stem three feet high; leaves deeply lobed with narrow segments, glaucous beneath, green above; flowers 'lake, white and straw color;' the lanceolate segments broadly spreading, 12 to 15 lines long; the petals spatulate, about 9 lines long; the claw opening by a narrow orifice into the very slender elongated spur, which is 4 inches long or more. In the Caracol Mountains, south of Monclova, Coahuila (10). Allied to *A. Cerulea* and *A. Chrysantha*, but distinguished from both by the narrower petals and the constricted mouth of the much more elongated spur."—*W. Falconer*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Camellia Seed.—*Esther Woolen.* Camellia Seed may remain in the earth fully a year before germinating, and, unless the seed is perfectly fresh, it will not be likely to germinate much sooner.

Tuberose Bulbs in Winter.—*Anna H., Jonesville, S. C.* Keep Tuberose bulbs in a dry, warm room. A good plan is to tie them up or string them up, and hang under the bench of a greenhouse, or in a dry, warm cellar. If they are kept in a cool, moist room, they will decay in the centre, thus destroying the flower spike.

Bridal Rose.—*A. L. B.* We are delighted to hear some one ask for information in regard to this almost forgotten and sadly neglected plant, long since discarded from our greenhouses, and rarely met excepting in the windows of the poorer classes, where it may be seen in some old broken piteher, and occasionally in some private conservatory, where its beauties are appreciated. This plant requires but a short period of rest, and then may be kept in any dry room, where it does not freeze. Water but sparingly during that period.

Calceolarias.—*Mrs. G. W. B., Montgomery City, Mo.* Your experience with these plants is about the same as that of most others. There are two classes of this interesting family of plants, one shrubby, the other herbaceous. The several species are natives of Peru, and are found along the line of the sea. Their period of growth is in the moist or rainy season, and they will not thrive in any other. When well grown in the greenhouse they are beautiful and desirable objects, but in the open air of our climate they are destroyed by the first dry wind. We have had the shrubby varieties do very well when planted under a south fence or wall, in very rich soil, in no other situation are they at all desirable. The herbaceous class can only be grown in the greenhouse.

Pæonies.—*L. R. Shaw.* Pæonies, and all hardy herbaceous plants, should be divided at this season when a division, because of overgrowth, or for the purposes of sale, is desirable.

Azalea.—*M. M. B., Toledo.* From this time until the first March keep your plants as near the freezing point as possible, without touching it. They succeed far better if wintered in a cold frame, and not brought into the conservatory until all necessity for artificial heat is past. When the flower buds begin to swell syringe daily, which will be all the watering they will require, until new growth has commenced.

Liliums.—*Amateur.* We think it a better plan for most soils and situations, to remove all the varieties excepting *Candidum*, in the Spring. We have always found the varieties of *Canadense* to remain constant, a change of soil, however, may change the color of the flower to some extent.

Fancy Caladliums.—*Same.* Give them perfect rest in a dry, warm situation until the first of March; then shake the tubers out of the pots, and put them in a pot or box filled with sphagnum (moss) and sand mixed; water liberally, and give them a warm situation, one where they can have gentle bottom-heat. Growth will

soon commence; when the young shoots are half an inch in length, take the tubers out of the sand and cut into as many pieces as there are eyes or shoots; put these singly in small pots and grow on in a warm house, shifting as often as the pots are filled with roots. For large specimen plants, the tubers may remain for many years undivided, and make magnificent specimen or show plants. For this purpose start in pots, commencing with those just large enough to accommodate the bulb, shifting frequently into larger pots as long as required.

Will you tell me the best treatment for a *Datura Arborea Alba*?—(*Brugmansia Suaviolens*). The plant should grow from four to six feet high, florists say, and yet I have had one nearly a year, and it has neither grown nor flowered. I have two magnificent Palms; must I put them in my pit this Winter, or keep them in the house? I bought ten ever-blooming Tea Roses from Peter Henderson in the Spring; do you think them sufficiently strong to leave out-of-doors all Winter?

I will be very grateful for answers to the above questions.—*M. C. M., Bardstown, Ky.*

We cannot imagine anything that would interfere with the growth of the *Brugmansia*; the trouble generally is, they grow *too much*. In order to flower them well they should be grown in pots, and allowed to become root-bound. They need a short period of rest during Winter, the indications of which will be the dropping of their leaves.

Palms will do well either in the pit or in the house; give them but little water during the Winter.

Roses—Teas, will not require protection in your climate.

Clanthus Dampieri.—*Belle R., Detroit.* This is a perennial plant, but can be successfully grown as an annual, by sowing the seeds in a hot-bed about the first of April, and removing the sash as soon as all dangers from frost are past. The plants must not be removed from the seed beds; transplanting, is, as a rule, fatal to them. We have grown them successfully in the flower-garden, planting the seeds where they were to grow; they flower profusely from the first of September, until killed by frost.

Crotons.—*Alice A. Smith.* These plants are increased by cuttings from half-ripened wood. They root freely in sand, but require good bottom heat and a humid atmosphere. They require to be grown in a very warm house, with all the light possible. As a house plant they are not a success.

Dendrobium Nobile.—*John S., New City, N. Y.* This is one of the finest Orchids in cultivation, when we take into consideration its free flowering habit and the little difficulty there is in its management. The blossoms, which are pink and white, with a spot of crimson in the centre of the lip, are borne along the sides of the stem, principally at, and near, the top. It should be grown in a cool house, and the blooms are produced from February until June, and if properly managed the

flowers will last three or four weeks in good condition. It can be grown either in a pot or basket, with moss or peat. In potting keep the crown of the plant above the rim of the pot, in order that the water shall not settle around the crown, which would rot it. It is an ever-green plant, requiring but little rest, at which time it must be watered sparingly. While growing, water freely and syringe often; keep in a temperature from 60° to 70°. Liquid manure not desirable; water is the source through which it obtains all its food. Do not often separate the plant, but shift into a larger pot, as often as its increase of growth would seem to require it.

Carpenter's Square.—L. K. K. Lovington, III. Local names usually puzzle, but this beats us, having never

heard it before. Send us a piece of the plant, or some other common name.

Authurium.—Miss Lilla C. W., Sartoris River, Vt. The *Authurium Scherzerianum*, is strictly a tropical plant, and requires a humid atmosphere in the stove house. It is a true epiphyte or "Air plant," although generally grown in spagnum, in pots or baskets. It will not do treated as a house plant.

Palm Macrozamia.—Same. This species of Palm also requires a hot-house. There are several species of this interesting family that succeed well in the ordinary living-rooms; among them may be noticed *Latanias*, *Areas*, *Caryota*, *Phœnix*, *Cocos*, etc., etc.

WINIFRED'S CONSERVATORY.

"THERE's only one thing wanting now, Arnold dear, to make our little house perfect," said Winifred Moreton, as she clung coaxingly to her young husband's arm, "and that is a conservatory—a wee conservatory to keep us in flowers all the winter long. Look here, in this corner now, there are really three sides of it already built; we should only want a front and a roof, and that old door we took from between the lower rooms, and the shelves inside."

"And the apparatus to warm it and the plants to stock it," added Arnold, with a smile.

"O, as for those, my friend, Mrs. Wodehouse, has promised to send me most of hers; she is going abroad shortly, and doesn't care about them, she says; and she appears anxious that I should have them."

"So—so you are jealous of your dear friend's conservatory, is that it? You forget, little woman, that the Wodehouses are rich folk, while you have been foolish enough to marry a poor young fellow in a Government office. However, *ce que femme veut*; have your conservatory, my Winnie, only don't be extravagant about it."

A month later the conservatory is finished, and Winnie is superintending the arrangement of a cargo of fine plants just sent by Mrs. Wodehouse. All have, as usual, a label affixed to a little peg at the side of the pot, on which the botanical name of the flower is written: but she suddenly observes that this, in the case of the finest plant, is not a label merely, but a carefully-folded and sealed note directed to herself.

She opens it, and her blue eyes grow first round with astonishment, then moist with pity as she reads. Finally she sits down among the flower-pots, and looks at them as they stand just where the men have left them, and there is a sort of superstitious awe depicted on her face, as if she fears lest the arrival of these pots of flowers is also the arrival of a great misery in her home. All her pleasure, her almost infantine delight over the new conservatory, is gone; it seems to have passed away as rapidly as the short exclamation of joy with which she had hailed the advent of these floral treasures. In her hand she still holds the note containing the cloud which, wreathing itself about her mind, is already beginning to dim the clear horizon of Winifred Moreton's bright young life. She is reading it once again with much intentness, when she hears her husband open the

outer door with a latch-key. She thrusts it into her pocket with hurried eagerness, and then strives, but rather vainly, to compose her face into an appearance of creditable tranquility. The first secret has sprung up between her and Arnold, and the keeping it then and in the future will prove a heavy tax on Winifred's caudid nature.

He cannot avoid noticing that something is amiss, and exclaims—

"Why, little wife, how grave you look over your new toy! You have got your conservatory; you have some lovely flowers to put in it—very kind of Mrs. Wodehouse to send them—and still you look as if you had some heavy care on your mind. What is the matter, my dear Winnie?"

"Please, Arnold, let me send for old Roffey, the carpenter, to put up some shutters and a bar across here, and a couple of bolts to the door."

"Foolish Winnie, do you think your plants so very precious that all the burglars in town will be after them? However, have your way. Send for that old carpenter with a face like a battered halfpenny, and make your floral treasures quite secure. Meanwhile, perhaps you will treat me to a smile and a kiss."

Days passed into weeks, and the conservatory was never out of Winifred's thoughts, reminding one forcibly of La Fontaine's fable of "Le Savetier et le Financier."

"Tout le jour, il avait l'œil au guet; et la nuit,
Si quelque chat faisait du bruit,
Le chat prenait l'argent."

Alas, poor Winnie! her plaything had become her *bête noire*, nor could all the care and solicitude of her husband, whom she loved to adoration, lay the ghost which seemed to be wandering about her heart.

The London season was over; she accompanied Arnold abroad for his holiday, but the preoccupation and listlessness of his little wife became a serious source of anxiety to him. Nothing seemed to amuse her; nothing seemed to have any place in her thoughts, save the one overwhelming desire to get home. Arriving at last in the first week in October in the bijou house in South Kensington, she rushed instantly into the conservatory, looked carefully at all her plants, and counted them to see that the number was correct. Arnold had some thoughts of sending for a physician, as he positively was beginning to fear that Winifred had some mental

disease, which was developing itself into a phase which he was pleased to call "plantomania;" and not a little delighted was he to receive a telegram from his brother-in-law, who had been for some time past with his regiment in India, saying that "he is coming home as fast as ship and railway can bring him, and that he may be expected in London any day."

"He will, perhaps, be able to throw some light," he thinks, "on this extraordinary infatuation of Winnie's, not only for watching and tending her plants, but for locking them up and thinking about them ceaselessly."

But Captain Verschoyle is not more able to account for his sister's peculiar mania than is her perplexed husband; and after many conversations between them on the subject and much confabulation, they agree to consult the family doctor. Dr. Jones, however, laughs at their surmises, and pooh-poohs their fears.

"He has known Winnie ever since she was a baby; he'll guarantee his reputation that there is nothing mad about her."

So he says; but when he comes to see her, at her husband's suggestion, the pained anxious expression of her face, once so bright and smiling, the restraint of her manner, once so lively and gay, staggers even the belief of the faithful old Hippocrates. What can it possibly mean?

"Look here, Mrs. Winifred"—he had always called her Mrs. Winifred since she married—"look here, Mrs. Winifred, I believe the odor of these flowers is making you look thin and wan. I shall tell your husband to have them all carried away, and that little ugly conservatory pulled down."

"No, Dr. Jones, no. I wish to Heaven it had never been built; but to take it down would be worse than death to me."

"I do not understand," said he, watching her keenly as he spoke.

"No, perhaps not; but plants are such a worry: they always die when you want them to flower. I am very sorry I asked for them, I was so much happier before I had them."

The doctor was nonplussed, and began to think, with her husband and brother, that the worry these flowers occasioned her must be the result of a weak mind.

To his repeated suggestion, however, that if they were troublesome to her, the wiser course would be to get rid of them, she persistently offered the most determined opposition.

Altogether, Winifred's conservatory was a puzzle to these three men's heads, the like of which they had never previously been called on to solve. She was perfectly sane, perfectly coherent, perfectly wise on every subject, except about these carefully-tended plants. What course, then, remained to those who were interested in her, save to imagine she was afflicted with monomania?

The Winter passed; Spring, with bright days and sharp winds, came at last, and brought once more a series of countless invitations for Winifred and Arnold Moreton; for they were in good society, though their means were somewhat limited; and Winifred, moreover, was a beauty. Nothing, however, had the effect of distracting her from what appeared to be the one sole amusement in her life—tending the flowers in her conservatory.

In the first week in May there was a reception given

by Lady Olive Farnham. The Moretons were there; and Winifred, in a pale-pink *crêpe*, which Arnold had insisted on ordering from Paris for the occasion, was surrounded by admirers; in fact, she was on the straight path for becoming a fashionable beauty—a state of affairs to which Arnold would especially have objected, had he not been in a frame of mind to hail with joy any event which would make Winifred forget to devote herself to that hateful conservatory. She seemed to be enjoying herself to the very utmost; and Arnold felt quite happy.

While she was standing talking to a distinguished French diplomat, the color suddenly forsook her cheeks, and she looked as if she were going to faint. Arnold, who had been watching her at a little distance, was at her side in a moment.

"My dearest Winnie, what is the matter?" he exclaimed.

"O Arnold, the Wodehouses—how dreadful!"

He looked round, but he saw no one, heard nothing that could give him any clue to her meaning.

"Would you like to go home?" he asked.

"Yes, please."

He took her down-stairs, and called for the carriage. It was not till they were seated in it that she told him that while she was talking to M. de Merinan, she overheard, from a conversation that was going on behind her, that Mr. Wodehouse was locked up in a French prison for some bubble-share transactions, in which he had been concerned in connection with a South American railway, and that Mrs. Wodehouse was dead.

Arnold Moreton was not an unfeeling man, and he was truly sorry for this heavy affliction which had fallen on the family of his old friends. Still he could not be brought to understand why Winifred should be so desperately upset by it; for no sooner had she been released from her finery by her maid than she threw herself on her sofa, sobbing convulsively, and by turns rejoicing and lamenting over what had happened. Arnold grew angry for the first time in his life, really angry with his little wife.

Dr. Jones had more than once recommended a certain amount of discreet wrath; for the first time, to-night he felt inclined to follow his advice.

He represented to Winifred that she was by no means fulfilling the mission that either love or duty imposed, wounding her sensitiveness, too, not a little, by telling her that, while he did everything he could to give her pleasure, she seemed to take a tacit delight in receiving all his advances with indifference—nay, almost with contempt.

His words went like a sharp dagger into poor Winnie's heart; but still she offered no word of explanation: only after a while she raised her tear-stained face from the sofa-cushion on which she had hidden it, and looked at Arnold with her large swollen eyes.

"One more favor, dearest. I know I do not deserve it; but you will grant me one more, will you not?"

"What is it, my love? You know I shall be delighted to give you anything in reason that will make you happy."

"Send for Blanche Wodehouse, and let her come and stay with us."

Arnold's brow contracted into a frown. It was not that he objected to Blanche Wodehouse coming to stay with them, but that he was totally at a loss to con-

ture what the affinity was that existed between his young wife and these people, even to the extent of rendering her unfit for all her home duties. She saw his hesitation, almost amounting to displeasure, and threw herself into his arms with a sudden outburst of affection.

"Arnold, dear, grant me this request—do, there's a darling, Arnold—if you don't, I shall be compelled to go off to the Continent myself in search of Blanche."

"You, Winifred! You must be quite mad!"

"O no. I am not in the least mad, only I have a terrible secret to keep, and the keeping it nearly makes me mad. Arnold dear. O, how I wish I could tell you all about it!"

"A secret in connection with the Wodehouses?"

"Yes; and you will let Blanche come, will you not?"

"I do not object to your having Blanche Wodehouse to stay for a little while, if her coming is at all likely to remove the incubus which has lain over you of late."

"It will, indeed it will, at least I hope so. O you dear old darling, you are much kinder to your little wife than she deserves, though she is not such a bad little woman as I know you have been thinking her of late."

"Now let us to bed," he said, "or you will look so jaded to-morrow, you will no longer merit the name of my pretty Winnie."

To bed for Arnold Moreton was not to sleep. He was perplexed beyond everything to imagine what this extraordinary secret could be which had so changed Winnie. That the flowers in that conservatory had something to do with it, he felt sure; but turn the matter in his mind how he might, he could make nothing of it; and after thinking it over in all its varied phases for hours, he decided that it was perhaps as well he had given permission for an invitation to be sent to Blanche Wodehouse, since her presence in the house might throw some light on the matter.

At last Mr. Moreton fell asleep, to awake after a while with the sort of nightmarish conviction that some one had arrived, and that this some one was Miss Blanche Wodehouse. It was eight o'clock, and the sun was streaming gladly into the room. He was not dreaming then, and it was actually the voice of the butler outside the door, informing him that a young lady in deep mourning had arrived from abroad, and wanted to see Mrs. Moreton immediately. Of course it was Blanche Wodehouse, and of course Winnie, in her dressing-gown, rushed off without further delay to receive her; and "most extraordinary," muttered Arnold, as he peeped over the staircase to see them meet, "they have actually gone into the conservatory and locked the door." He went into his dressing-room to perform his morning toilette, with a sort of desperate resolution to give up all attempt at guessing the very difficult conundrum that had been presented to him. He did not hurry himself in the least; having resolved to give the matter up, he wrapped himself in a sort of gloomy resignation.

Quite an hour later, when he came out of his room, thinking that, if possible, he would get a little breakfast, and go straight to his office out of the way, he met Winnie at the door. She had dressed very quickly, and appeared in the freshest and prettiest of morning dresses, a glad smile on her lovely face, an open letter in her hand.

"O you great, dear, naughty Arnold, you look as

grave as if you had the weight of the whole world on your shoulders!"

The cloud partly passed from his brow when he saw the changed look on her face, and he held out his hand for the letter.

It was the same that had been attached to the largest of Mrs. Wodehouse's flower-pots. With no small astonishment Arnold read as follows:

"Forgive, me, my dearest friend, for the subterfuge to which I am compelled to have recourse; for the trust and responsibility with which, without even daring previously to ask permission, I am about to burden you. Sooner or later you must know the sad secret of my life: my husband is a confirmed and desperate gambler. This fatal passion has gradually made our whole life one miserable acted lie. It was necessary to keep up appearances, in order to avoid suspicion and retain his business credit. The more deeply we sank in debt the more wildly he sought to retrieve his fortunes at the gaming-table. Heaven only knows how soon and desperately this may end. My own little fortune, which by the culpable carelessness of my guardian was left in his power, has been dissipated. The only thing left for me and my poor daughter when the crash comes, as come it must, is the handsome *parure* of diamonds I inherited from my mother. These are indeed, by every right, my own; but already my infatuated husband has his eye on them, and I dread lest any moment they may be gambled away. For my child's sake, I entreat you help me to save them. They may some day realize a sum which to her will be invaluable. Deep down in the mold of the flower-pots you will find them buried. There, for the present, let them remain; keep them till a day comes when I or my daughter may reclaim them. Do not betray my secret even to your husband. I trust entirely to your goodness and your loyalty.

"Your unhappy friend,

"MARIAN WODEHOUSE."

"So," exclaimed Arnold, putting his arm around his wife, "this is the terrible secret, little woman, which has been wearing your life away. I do not feel obliged to Mrs. Wodehouse for not letting you confide in me."

"O Arnold dear, poor Mrs. Wodehouse, she is dead."

He shrugged his shoulders and followed Winnie downstairs into the conservatory, where they found Blanche, a rather sad-looking, tearful beauty of seventeen, whom Winnie's brother, Captain Verschoyle, was not altogether quite unsuccessfully seeking to console as they stood together taking the plants out of the flower-pots and shaking the diamonds from their roots.

Arnold looked at Winnie, and smiled as he saw the picture; perhaps he had a sort of vision of a matrimonial pendant. A few minutes later they all four went down to breakfast together, Blanche's *dot* lying before them in lustrous beauty on the white cloth.

Mr. Moreton being a busy man, Captain Verschoyle undertook the sale of the jewels; but though he was always on the point of clinching a good offer, somehow or other he never quite achieved it, and already Blanche Wodehouse had been nearly a month under the Moreton's hospitable roof, when she rushed into Winnie's conservatory one morning—now, since the finding of the diamonds, become once more the young wife's plaything—and threw herself into her arms.

"O Winifred, he has asked me to marry him, and says I am not to sell the diamonds after all, as he has quite enough money for us both."

"My dear Blanche, I am so very glad. You will make the sweetest, dearest little sister-in-law. Only fancy a marriage arising out of my building a conservatory, and then having, as Dr. Jones says, 'diamonds on the brain!'"—*Jean Middlemass.*

AT SEA.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.



HE sat at the harbor bar,
Her eyes on the sea afar.

"Why wait'st thou, maid, on the
lonely strand?"

"For my bonnie ship to come to land."

"What was its cargo, maiden fair?"
She smiled with a happy, conscious
air,—

"'Twas love; do you know of such merchandise?"
And the light sprang up in her hazel eyes.

"'Twas yesterday I saw,
Just over the harbor line,
A stately ship with spreading sails,
And I whispered, *That is mine.*
But it farther, farther sailed
Out in the mystic blue,
And my eyes, 'mid falling tears,
Took up the watch anew.
And to-day I hope again,
And the dim horizon scan
With a gaze as fond as when
My earnest watch began."

"And when the morrow cometh,
O, maiden fair, what then?"

"Only to watch the offing
Till the sea grows red again."

Then I left her alone at her watch beside the sea,
And thought of the thousand, thousand ships that mock
humanity.
Whenever a white sail flits, each heart cries, "Oh, 'tis
mine,"
Till it floats away, away beyond the vision's line;
But for those who wait and watch, though white the
waves with foam,
Some day the sails will fill, and their ships sail proudly
home.

HOME-LIFE AMONG THE JAPANESE.

BY E. T. HONJO.

"COME, my good friend, I intend visiting my aunt
who resides in Tokio; you have expressed a wish to see
a Japanese home, here is your opportunity: I will
guarantee you a hearty welcome."

"Your are very kind, Matayemon."

"Which means that you accept," cried my young
friend delightedly. "How happy and interested my
cousins will be!"

Matayemon was the younger son of a once powerful
daimio (lord), and was returning from America and
Harvard; I was bound for Hong Kong, whither my only
brother had gone some years before, seeking a fortune

in teas and silk. He had succeeded moderately, and I
was to keep house for him now, according to the plans
laid when we were only children.

I am a plain old maid, dear reader, and it puzzled me
greatly that from all the gay young passengers on the
"City of Pekin," this grave and courteous young orien-
tal should single me out. Be that as it may, in our
three weeks' voyage we became warm friends, and, as
we neared the other side, he begged me to defer my trip
to China for a space, and allow him to do the honors of
his native land. I hesitated, but one glimpse of glorious
Fuji-Yama decided me, and I suddenly remembered that

my friend M—, who had married a missionary, was living in Yokohama. When the steamer hove to, I was one of the first to descend. After a rather rough tossing about in the small boat, we were finally landed and I sought my friend.

Two or three days afterwards, Matayemon presented himself, and the above conversation took place:

"Nothing could please me better," I said. "When do we start?"

"To-morrow morning, if you please."

"You are fortunate," said my American friends. "It is a difficult matter to gain entrance to the homes of the *daimios*, but you will, no doubt, meet with great courtesy. Even the commonest Japanese is embodied politeness; I think we might often take pattern by them."

"When I return, I will relate all my adventures," I rejoined laughingly.

The next day was bright and beautiful, as we took our way through the crowded streets to the railway station. As we were whirled along we had glimpses of the Bay and shipping; the flat roofs of Yokohama spread themselves behind us, and Fuji, like a coy maiden, at one moment revealed her beauty, at another, hid her smiling face.

At length, with a shriek, our train rushed into the depot, and we knew we had reached Tokio.

Jin-ri-ki-shas (man-power carriages), were hired, and again we set out. This novel style of locomotion did not exactly please me, but my companion laughed and said I would soon become accustomed to it. My attention was soon entirely taken up with the strange sights and sounds; at every turn of the road something new met my eye; this continuous panorama lasted for five miles. Then our runners began to ascend a long hill; puffing and blowing they toiled to the summit, and, at a signal from Matayemon, stood still for a few moments that we might look about us. All Tokio lay at our feet, for this is the most elevated ground within the city limits. We sat and gazed our fill, then Matayemon gave the sign to march again. A little way down the elevation, and the runners stopped before a massive wooden gateway, which, with a curiously-constructed wall of tiles about twelve feet in height, entirely concealed the dwelling, or *ya-shi-ki*, as it is called.

When the gate was opened, a pretty picture presented itself. A long, low house, surrounded by smaller dwellings, stood half hidden among the wealth of shrubbery. A little group were in the open veranda; while, in the background, the dusky faces of the retainers smiled the broadest possible welcome.

"Let me introduce to you my respected aunt and my two cousins," said Matayemon, after having prostrated himself and performed a salutation (i.e., drawing in the breath and bowing nine times). "O Moto, you are able to converse in English, so when I am not at hand you must be the interpreter."

I had seen several Japanese young ladies in Yokohama, but O Moto combined charming manners with the high-bred air of one accustomed to the best society.

She saluted me with a pleasant smile, and said gently:

"I am so happy that you will honor our poor home. Honorable mother is also glad, but cannot express herself in your language."

"Welcome to my miserable abode; if you will deign to accept our poor entertainment, you will confer a great favor upon our unworthy house," murmured the old

lady in her native tongue, and her daughter-in-law, who had hitherto been quite silent, repeated her words.

I found out afterwards that it is the height of Japanese politeness to depreciate all that belongs to the entertainer, and in equal terms to laud and magnify the possessions of the visitor.

"Shall we enter the house?" said Matayemon.

Slipping off my walking-boots, as previously instructed, I left them in the "mouth of the house," and we entered a large hall running the entire length of the building. Thence we were conducted into a small apartment, and invited to seat ourselves upon beautifully fine mats. I doubled myself up as gracefully as possible.

"Truly," said my kind hostess, "I would that my house were more suited to the comfort of a foreigner. But if you will bear with our accommodations, it will give the greatest pleasure to myself and my unworthy family."

I remarked that I was perfectly happy, and more than contented, to which the old lady and her two daughters uttered so many protestations of grief and dismay at the meagreness of their fare and the poorness of their dwelling, that I began to fear I should be overwhelmed. Luckily, a diversion was created by the entrance of a little maid-servant with tea, and candy, pipes and tobacco.

The tea was served, fragrant and clear, in tiny cups of egg-shell porcelain, the candy was a jelly-like substance very palatable, but almost too sweet. The pipes were curiously carved, and the tiny silver bowls held but a pinch at a time. Out of courtesy, I accepted one, and pretended to enjoy it. The ladies of the house then settled themselves for a long chat. In the intervals of conversation I looked about me. At the head of the room was a *to-ko-no-ma* or raised platform. Midway between ceiling and floor perched the shrine of the household god. The tiny doors stood half open, disclosing what I afterwards learned were the *ancestral* tablets of the family. Two swords were crossed upon a *sambo* (stand). They had been the property of the deceased *daimio*. One side of the apartment was devoted to a press or cabinet built into the wall, whose doors and drawers, shelves and pigeon-holes, were marvels of artistic carving, inlaid work and lacquer. My fingers fairly itched to explore the hidden recesses. A few *ka-ke-mo-no* (scroll pictures) hung here and there, and the sliding screens were handsomely painted by a celebrated artist; the "*hi-ba-chi*" (fire-bowl), was the only small article in the room.

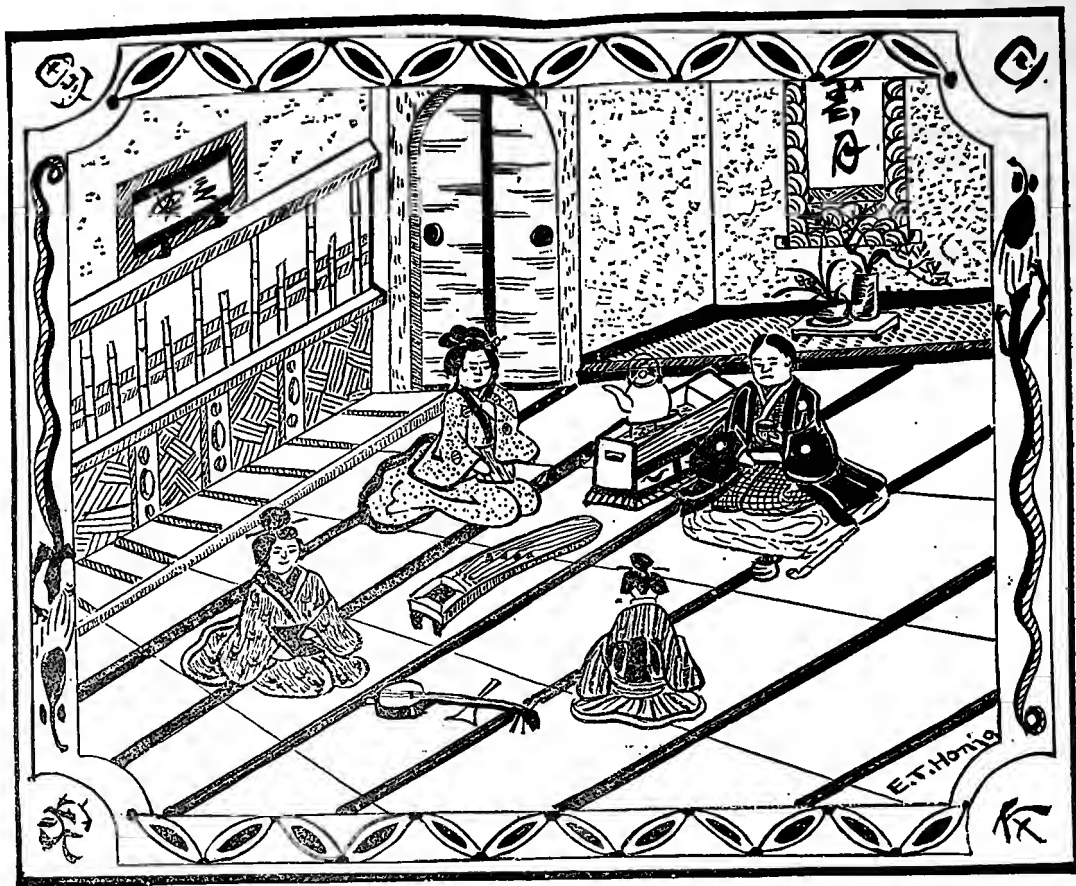
My hostess wishing to entertain me, asked:

"Should you like to see some of our treasures?"

On my assenting, she called a servant and directed her to bring certain articles from the mud safe, or *go-down*, which stood in the court-yard. In a few minutes, robes, heavy with gold and silver embroidery, magnificent crystals, rare specimens of lacquer and pearls, treasures of pottery and porcelain, and hand-paintings on silk, were spread before me, making me almost envy the fortunate possessor.

When I told my Japanese friends that in America we decorated our apartments with our choicest art treasures, she held up both hands in amazement and cried:

"But how can you enjoy them? One ornament at a time is quite enough. Do you think the beauties of that porcelain vase," pointing to one on the *to-ko-no-ma*, "would be appreciated if it were surrounded by a number of other objects?"



INTERIOR OF A JAPANESE RESIDENCE.

As I gazed at the delicate vase, containing a single flowering branch, I was forced to acknowledge the truth of her argument.

"Besides," she continued, "what if a fire broke out! Where are our treasures then? We place them securely in the mud-safe; a conflagration sweeps over and leaves them unharmed. Many of these objects are centuries old; these robes belonged to my ancestors, and could never be replaced."

The rest of the afternoon passed rapidly, and when the sinking sun darted his last beams through the paper windows, O Moto and her sister-in-law produced *sam-i-sen* (banjo or guitar) and *ko-to* (instrument resembling a harp), and accompanied themselves to the plaintive ditties of their native land.

The concert was interrupted by a summons to the evening meal, and we were escorted to another apartment, where, on tiny "*zen*" (individual tables), a supper of boiled rice, fish, pickles, sweetmeats, and warm wine was served. At this meal the children appeared, five in number, the boys fine manly little fellows, the girls gentle and retiring in their manners.

Japan is certainly the children's paradise. Harsh words do not assail them, the absence of furniture does away with "don't touch," "let it alone," "do not meddle," and throughout all classes the treatment of the young is wonderfully affectionate. Yet they are not "spoiled." In no other country do we see equal gentleness and docility. The relation between parent and

child is intimate and confidential to the last degree. The child's reverence and love for parents amounts to a religion. When the meal was ended they gravely saluted their mother, grandma and aunt, their father being absent, bowed to us, and submitted themselves to their nurses.

We returned to the sitting-room, and the *andon* (lamp), being now lighted, grouped ourselves around and near it, and spent the evening in pleasant talk; O Moto chatting first in English and then in Japanese, trying to teach me a few sentences.

About ten o'clock more tea and sweetmeats, then to bed. As we left the room I noticed that the large hall had been turned into a series of chambers, by a simple arrangement of screens. I was conducted to one of these rooms by O Moto, who informed me that she should occupy the next apartment. It was my first experience of a Japanese bed. Heavily-wadded quilts were piled luxuriously upon a thick mat. These quilts were covered with silk crape; at the head was a log, as I at first thought, but on nearer inspection, it turned out to be a richly-lacquered wooden pillow, with an aperture in the top large enough for one's cranium; a cushion of purple crape gave the requisite softness. I felt doubtful, but disrobing quickly, crept into the middle of the bed, fitted my head snugly into my pillow, drew my quaintly-patterned crape quilt over my shoulders and subsided into dreamland.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOVEL USE FOR FLOWERS.

THE natural desire of a young lady to dress to please is sometimes not quenched even by sickness—especially if her physician is a young doctor. Miss Mary R. Banks, in "Bright Days," a book descriptive of life on a Southern plantation, reports an amusing anecdote illustrative of the eccentricities of this ruling passion. A negro "mammy" tells the incident to her foster-child:

"Dat Miss Sallie Cotton is de one you'z heerd 'em all laughin' at de young doctor 'bout.

"One day, she went out hoss-back ridin' wid er passel uv de young folks in de settlement; an' when she came back, stid uv gwine ter de hoss-block, like de balance uv de gals done, she lipt down off'n de hoss 'fore she got her foot out'n de stirrup, an' de hoss he started fer de stable.

"He drug her long er little ways; but he didn't go fur, kas Bud Dick wuz dar an' wuz jes gwine ter hiz head. So he koteh holt uv him an' one uv de gent'mums run an' pickt her up an' got her foot loose. But she wrencht it roun' somehow, an' sprained her ankle mighty bad.

"Dat night she had er monsaus mizry in her whole foot, an' her ankle swelled up tremenjus. I know, kase my miss made me stay in de room wid her, an' my res' wuz jes broke all ter flinderashuns.

"De nex' mornin' she had er hot fever, so my miss sont fer de doctor. De ol' man wuzn' dar, so de young one come.

"She wuz er settin' up-sta'rs, dar in de big room, an' she could see er long ways up de road. Comin' down de hill long-side er Miss Ann's gate, she spied 'twuz de young doctor comin'.

"When she seed him, she sont me out in de flower-garden ter git her some blossoms.

"Bless yer soul, honey! I thort she wuz gwinc ter put 'em in her hair, er in de bre's uv her white frock what she had on.

"But stid uv dat, she tol' me ter fetch her one de pillers off'n de bed, wid de ease dat had ruffles roun' it, an' de powder-bag off'n de burow. An', honey, what you reckon she done?

"She perceeded ter make me put de piller in de cher, what wuz settin dar befo' her; den she put her foot on de piller an' powdered it right white.

"Den she tuck all de pink rosebuds what I had focht her, an' eut de stems off short, an' she put one er dem an' er green leaf in 'twix' ev'ry one uv her toes.

"An' dar she sot, wid her foot all dresst up wid dem nose-gays, when my miss an' the doctor come up-sta'rs ter ten' ter her sprained ankle.

"De doctor look like he didn't know which way fur ter turn when he seed it wid all dem deckerrashuns, an' my miss wuz jes outdone complete.

"I like ter er died er laffin' myse'f whiles I wuz hol'-in' de bowl er water fur de doctor ter have her foot an' wet de bandages he put on it.

"After he wuz done tyin' it up, he tuck one uv de rosebuds an' karied it down sta'rs wid him, an' ter dis day he'z got it in hiz offis, put up in er little bottle uv alkyhawl.

"An' him an' de boys in de settlement iz laffit menny er time over dat gal's lame foot. Dat wuz de beatin'es' trick dat ever I seed pufformed, honey."

DAISY GREEN MAKES CALLS.

"DAISY," said her Mother one day, "I wish very much to know how Mrs. Morton is this afternoon, but I am too tired to go out. Do you think you could go and inquire without getting lost?"

"Oh, yes, Mamma!" exclaimed Daisy, eagerly. "I know the way, and I'll go and do the errand and not run, or tumble down, or stop to play, or go anywhere else."

"Very well then; I will trust you," answered Mrs. Green, and Daisy started out with great delight.

Mrs. Morton was one of Mr. Green's parishioners, and was quite sick; she lived but a few blocks away, yet it was further than Daisy, though nearly seven years old, had ever yet ventured alone. She walked on with an amusing air of importance, and soon reached Mrs. Morton's door. Mrs. Morton's servant answered her ring, and told her that the lady was decidedly better. Daisy said her Mamma would be "very much relieved to hear it," and turned away, but at the gate she paused to revolve in her active brain a plan that had just occurred to her. Why not make some more calls now that she was out? Most likely Mamma would like to hear from some other people, only she didn't think to mention it; and Mrs. Burke lived just around the next corner, so temptingly near. So a few minutes later Daisy was ringing Mrs. Burke's bell. Mrs. Burke came to the door herself.

"Why, Daisy!" she exclaimed, "did you come alone?"

"Yes'm," answered that small sinner. "Mamma sent me to see how Mrs. Morton was, and I thought I'd see how you was; I knew Mamma would like to know."

"Well, I'm nicely, thank you," laughed Mrs. Burke; "won't you come in?"

Daisy followed Mrs. Burke into the sitting-room where her little girl, a lovely little creature about two years younger than Daisy, was playing with her baby sister. Daisy refused Mrs. Burke's invitation to take off her things and play with the children, and rested herself stiffly on the sofa saying, "I told Mamma I wouldn't stop to play with anybody, and I only come to make a stylish call on you."

"Well, I feel quite honored," laughed Mrs. Burke.

"I should think you would," said Daisy, benevolently; "but it's no trouble to me; I like to make calls, but my Papa just hates it." Oh Daisy! There was a brief silence; Mrs. Burke was trying to crowd out of her truly Christian heart a feeling toward her minister that would fain have expressed itself in the words, "then I hope he won't trouble himself to call here very often," and Daisy was trying to think of some topic of conversation befitting the dignity of her position as a young lady making calls. At last she opened with:

"Did you go to hear the sunflower man when he was in Boston?"

"The sunflower man! Whom do you mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Burke.

"Well, that's what I call him; he calls himself Oscar Wilde. He tries to write poetry sometimes when he don't feel well. My Papa went to hear him lecture one night."

"How did your Papa like him?" asked Mrs. Burke.
"I don't know, but he said he was terribly asthmatic," replied Daisy.

"I guess your Papa said aesthetic, didn't he?" suggested Mrs. Burke.

"Perhaps that was it," replied her caller, "but I suppose it don't make much difference."

"It might make considerable difference in the young man's feelings," laughed Mrs. Burke.

The baby now began to cry, and Mrs. Burke's attention was diverted from Daisy a few minutes, and the latter soon took her leave.

A few blocks further on lived Mrs. Chellis, and here Daisy made her second call. Mr. Chellis was at home, and had been smoking, and the room was still full of the fragrance of his cigar. No sooner was Daisy seated than she curled up her little nose and said, "I should think there was a queer smell here."

Mr. Chellis laughed and said, "I have just been smoking, and of course you are not accustomed to that sort of thing."

"Oh, yes, I am," exclaimed the irresponsible child; "my Papa smokes, but Mamma don't let him smoke in the parlor—he has to go down cellar to smoke."

"Well, I never would have believed it," ejaculated Mrs. Chellis.

"If the truth were always known, there wouldn't be so much to choose between saints and sinners after all," said Mr. Chellis with ill-concealed satisfaction at having apparently discovered a flaw in his minister.

By this time Daisy's attention was attracted by Mrs. Chellis' hair, which was quite elaborately done up on her head and down on her forehead. Daisy had often wondered at its marvelous arrangement, and now determined to satisfy her curiosity. "Do you wear store hair, Mrs. Chellis?" she asked.

Mr. Chellis laughed heartily at his wife's evident discomfort under this abrupt question, and said, "Good for you, Daisy!"

This irritated his wife still more and she said, "You are a very impolite little girl, Daisy Green; my hair grows on my own head."

"She means that a part of it grows there, Daisy," said Mr. Chellis, still laughing; but Daisy felt quite mortified at being called impolite, and hastened to apologize.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Chellis, I thought store hair was very nice; I see lots of it when I go to town with Mamma. I saw some real pretty yellow curls in a window the other day, and I wanted Mamma to buy them to wear on her head, but she said she didn't propose to make a sunflower of her head by putting yellow curls round her black braids."

"You must try and cultivate your Mother's tastes, Daisy; don't let her fall behind the times," said Mr. Chellis.

"I do all I can for Mamma," replied the mature young person of seven. "I heard her say one day that I taught her a good many lessons; but she'll be worry-

ing if I don't go home." And Daisy rose and went towards the door.

"Come again, Daisy," said Mr. Chellis; "I find you a very entertaining little girl; I have enjoyed your call exceedingly."

"I'm afraid you don't mean all that; it sounds as if you were making fun of me," said Daisy.

"I'm glad you can see through him, Daisy," interposed Mrs. Chellis; "he isn't to be trusted."

Daisy took the shortest way home, but in so doing had to pass the place where Miss Helen Lawrence boarded, and it occurred to her to stop there a moment. Miss Lawrence was a maiden of at least thirty-five, a lovely woman, whose only weakness was a foolish sensitiveness concerning her own lonely condition—she always feared that people should think that she had remained unmarried because no one had wanted her. No sooner was Daisy seated in Miss Lawrence's neat little parlor than she unconsciously attacked her at this weak point by blandly remarking—

"I thought likely you'd be lonesome, seeing you're an old maid, so I ran in to make you a call."

"Very kind, I'm sure," murmured Miss Lawrence "who told you that I was an old maid?"

"Why, I've heard my Mother say you was, and she thought it was a great pity, and she said she guessed you would be glad to marry Mr. Adams," said the terrible caller.

"You may tell your Mamma that I am not ready to fall into Mr. Adams' arms yet," answered Miss Lawrence shortly, and she left her seat and commenced to water the plants that filled her bay window. "I think," she continued presently, "that you had better go home, Daisy; your mother would be distressed if she knew what you were about." Both felt uncomfortable. Miss Lawrence felt hurt that her pastor's wife had spoken of her as an old maid, and the accusation of wishing to marry Mr. Adams was the more bitter because in the depths of her heart there had been securely hidden just such a wish. Daisy felt hurt at being advised to go home; she didn't believe it was quite proper to send callers home. But after a brief hesitation she started. She had gone but a few steps from Miss Lawrence's door when she met Mr. Adams.

"Why, Daisy," he exclaimed, "are you really out alone this afternoon?"

"Yes, I'm making parish calls," she replied with a most important air. "I've just been to see Miss Lawrence, and I told her she'd better get married to you, but she said she wasn't ready to fall into your arms yet."

"Whew!" exclaimed the surprised gentleman. "I'm very much afraid your parish calls have been of a very eccentric nature. You had better cut for home as fast as those small legs will carry you." And Mr. Adams passed on, but as he went by Miss Lawrence's window he glanced up, and, seeing her among her flowers, bowed and smiled. As she returned his greeting, the recollection of Daisy's words caused her to blush, and Mr. Adams wondered that he had never before noticed what a very lovely woman she was, and how girlish she looked when she blushed.

Daisy reached home without further adventure, and found her Mother greatly alarmed at her long absence. Daisy frankly confessed where she had been, and her

Mother talked kindly with her about her wrong-doing, but the child interrupted with:

"Oh, Mamma, I most forgot! Miss Lawrance told me to tell you that she isn't ready to fall into Mr. Adams' arms yet."

"What do you mean, Daisy? How came Miss Lawrence to say such a thing?" questioned the surprised Mother.

"Why, I told her that you thought she would like to marry Mr. Adams."

"Oh Daisy! I wonder how much mischief you have made this afternoon; I am so sorry you cannot be trusted." And poor, discouraged Mrs. Green looked as if she could endure no more. A few days previous to Daisy's escapade, Mr. and Mrs. Green had been speaking of Miss Lawrence, whom they both greatly admired, and Mrs. Green had said it was a wonder that so lovely a woman had been allowed to remain unmarried, and that she should think Mr. Adams would try and get her, adding, "I don't believe she could help liking him." It was this conversation that Daisy had so strangely misrepresented. Mrs. Green went to see Miss Lawrence without delay, told her of the message which the child had delivered, and then made a full and honest confession of the conversation which had passed between herself and husband. Miss Lawrence was greatly relieved to find that her friend had not spoken slightly of her as Daisy's words had seemed to indicate, and the two ladies parted as sincere friends as ever.

A few days later Mr. Green met Mr. Chellis on the street, and, after chatting a few moments, the latter, who was smoking, offered his pastor a cigar. A little surprised, yet taking the offer as a joke, Mr. Green laughingly refused.

"Don't be bashful about it," said Mr. Chellis, "we have found you out; Daisy 'let the cat out of the bag' the other day."

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Green with a bewildered look.

"Daisy told us the other day that you were a smoker," and Mr. Chellis repeated the conversation which had passed between them on the occasion of Daisy's call.

"Well! well!" exclaimed the father of that small mischief-maker. "The fact is, I have been inhaling iodine for my throat, and Daisy calls it smoking. I keep my inhaler down cellar, and use it there because the odor is so offensive. But I should think people would make allowances for children's stories. Daisy always get things mixed and distorted in some way."

Mr. Chellis made profuse apologies for having credited such a thing of his pastor for a moment, but he thought with dismay of the dozen or more particular friends to whom he had confidentially imparted the fact that their pastor was addicted to smoking.

There was also in the depths of his worldly heart a secret regret at having found that the flaw in his pastor's character was wholly imaginary, yet he was really an honorable man, and lost no time in contradicting the story he had started, and explaining its harmless origin.

But the end was not yet. Whenever Mr. Adams met Miss Lawrence, Daisy's words would come into his mind, and the idea of Miss Lawrence "falling into his arms" did not seem at all distasteful—in fact, each time they met he was more impressed that she would make a very desirable armful, and at last, in spite of Miss Lawrence's blushes and evident avoidance of his attentions, he proposed and was accepted. And Daisy Green, aside from father and mother, has no more devoted friends than Mr. and Mrs. Adams. They date all their happiness from the day on which Daisy went out making parish calls.—*Selected.*

Autumn Leaves.

It is stated by those who ought to know that the Autumn coloring of the leaves of the maple, oak and other trees on the American Continent is not due to the action of frost, but to certain chemical changes which accompany the ripening of the leaves. American maples taken over to Europe will perfect their foliage for a few years—that is, the brilliant coloring will be put on—but they rapidly lose the habit, and in a few years the leaves fall from the trees while still green, according to the habit of the European species. Mr. T. Meehan, the well-known Philadelphia horticulturist, now says that in the New Jersey marshes there are many trees of European species which, though failing to color their leaves at their home, manage to put on the most brilliant hues here. Mr. Meehan also mentions from his knowledge that, in some parts of this country, imported European trees do not assume the autumn colors, even after the trees have been raised from seeds for several generations. Hence it would seem that the cause of the color is climate, but that the same cause does not operate in all parts of this continent.

BE always at leisure to do good; never make business an excuse to decline offices of humanity.

MISS WOOLSON, in "Annie," has this pretty description of "the Indian summer" season:

If there is a time when the American of to-day recalls the red-skinned men who preceded him in this land he now calls his own, it is during those few days of stillness and beauty which bear the name of the vanished race. Work is over in the fields. They are ready for their winter rest. The leaves are gone. The trees are ready, too. The last red apple is gathcred. Men and the squirrels together have gleaned the last nut. There is nothing more to be done; and he who with a delicate imagination walks abroad, or drives slowly along country roads, finds himself thinking, in the stillness, of those who roved over this same ground not many years ago, and, tardily gathering in at this season their small crops of corn beside the rivers, gave to the beautiful golden-purple-hued days the name they bear. Through the naked woods he sees them stealing, bow in hand. On the stream he sees their birch-bark canoes. The smoke in the atmosphere must surely rise from the hidden camp-fires. They have come back to their old haunts from the happy hunting-grounds for these few golden days. Is it not the Indian summer?

HELP somebody worse off than yourself, and you will find that you are better off than you fancied.

GLEANINGS.

A Chimney Worth Sweeping.

A GERMAN journal gives the result of an experiment performed upon some soot with which the inside surface of an old flue, pulled down during the late alterations at the Royal Mint at Berlin, was found to be thickly caked. This flue had served for many years as an outlet for the smoke given off by the furnaces in which the bullion undergoes fusion before its conversion into coinage; and it occurred to the architect superintending the repairs in question that it might be worth while to analyze the soot lining the chimney through which fumes of boiling gold and silver had passed in such quantities. The liquefaction of the less precious metal requires a temperature of 1000°, whilst that of gold cannot be effected under 1250°. It is usual to strow the surface of these metals, when in a liquid state, with charcoal, in order to hinder evaporation; but at such fierce heat as that indicated above some evaporation is bound to take place, and its results were made manifest by the yield of four pounds' weight of pure gold, valued as something under four thousand marks (\$1000), obtained from the soot that was scraped off the inside of the chimney in question.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

An area

Of ninety-three thousand acres has been planted with trees in Kansas, under the new law relating to arboriculture. The cotton tree was largely planted on account of its rapid growth, and six thousand acres were set with walnut trees. The expectation is that this will operate, in course of time, to relieve the climate of its extreme dryness.

Fan Painting.

ARTIST fan-painting, as an industry, seems likely to receive a valuable impetus through the exertions of Mr. E. Barrington Nash. This gentleman, who is an enthusiast on the subject, is about to open a school in London especially for pupils in this fascinating branch of pictorial art, with a view to providing "profitable employment for gentlemen of artistic ability, and to retain some portion of the £100,000, which enormous figure represents the value of the annual imports of fans of an artistic character into England." The sum expended in the United States in the same direction must be at least as large, and the interest shown in the recent exhibition of fans at the rooms of the New York Society of Decorative Art suggests that the formation of a special class in fan painting, with a view of providing "profitable employment for gentlemen of artistic ability" might be well worth considering on our side of the Atlantic.—*Art Amateur.*

Japanese Houses.

A JAPANESE house is really a double affair. The most expense is put into the roof, which is of splendid heavy tile in all the towns and villages. On the isolated farm houses straw thatch is used more extensively. The roof is sustained by uprights framed into it, which have their foundations on the ground. The floor is generally about two feet above the ground, and is divided into rooms by paper partitions, which are in sections and slide in grooves. They can, at pleasure, be entirely removed, leaving, if necessary, the entire area in one room. The sides of the building, or at least one or more, are also in sections, which slide in grooves and are removed during the day, if required. Generally there is a space left for a passageway between the outside and the inner partitions forming the rooms, so that in winter the rooms enclosed only by paper screens are made warm and comfortable by the protection of the outer shell when slid into position, while in summer the facility with which all partitions are removed insures good ventilation. Very many of the houses are built with an interior court, devoted to ornamental shrubs and flowers, showing an admirable degree of æsthetic taste in the people.

Use of Both Hands.

A PERSON who has the equal use of both hands is called ambidextrous, as though possessed of two dexters, or right hands. A man in New York is a remarkable example of this, and he claims that it is not a born gift, but an acquirement within the power of any person. Recently he lectured upon the subject, and began his illustration by showing on the blackboard what he called the best test of ambidexterity, the writing signatures. He wrote his own name with both hands at once, backward and forward, right side up and up side down, and in half-a-dozen different ways.

"This," said Mr. Woodward, "is a valuable accomplishment for a

bank president or railroad official; for he who can write his name twice while another is writing it once, deserves three holidays a week or double pay."

Then the lecturer wrote a love-letter in French with one hand, and a business letter in English with the other, simultaneously. Afterward, at the same time he wrote such words as Fontainebleau and Constantinople. As an athletic exercise, club swinging and dumb-bell shaking sink into stupidity beside this. The most difficult thing to do is to draw a square with one hand and a circle with the other. Then he attempted the task. The ends of the circle did not meet, and it was not round; besides, the square looked like a parallelogram, but the audience applauded.

Finally, Mr. Woodward drew, with both hands, symmetrical geometrical figures, which he called decorative designs, employing the right hand on the right side of the figure, and the left hand on the left side. He sketched seven of these figures in a minute and a half, and said, "I will challenge the best draughtsman in New York City to perform this task in an hour and a quarter with one hand, and he may select his own design."—*Christian Advocate.*

An old Portrait.

AN aged New York artist named Seymour claims to have discovered a genuine portrait of Peter Stuyvesant, supposed to have been painted in Holland in 1643, when the future director-general of the colony of New Netherlands was a handsome young man of thirty years. The picture is on a walnut panel found among some rubbish in the cellar of the building in which the artist has his studio. He was about to split the board to make picture wedges, when he detected the outlines of a portrait through the coat of paint in which it was concealed. He removed the paint and brought out a beautiful portrait. In the upper right-hand corner of the panel is a shield with the inscription, "Petrus Stuyvesant," 1643. The artist's theory is that the portrait was covered in this way to evade the excessive customs duties which were at that time imposed on works of art, and that it was thrown aside when received, and has been dealt with as a useless piece of rubbish ever since. He values the "find" at \$5000.—*Boston Transcript.*

How Corals Grow.

PROF. LE CONTE says the popular idea in regard to corals is that these animals are little insects, that they build up ants and bees do, and when they are alarmed they disappear into their little burrows, and these reefs are accumulations of millions of these little insects in generation after generation. The fact is, the coral animal is a polyp belonging to the group of radiata; that it consists of limestone deposits in the shape of a cylinder with top and bottom disks, surmounted with tentacles, containing a stomach and enveloped with gelatinous organic matter. The tentacles or arms are provided each with a mouth for the absorption of food. The animals that build reefs are not much larger than pinheads. Reef-building corals will not grow at a depth of over one hundred to one hundred and twenty feet. There have been reef-building corals found at a depth of one thousand feet, but they were dead—drowned by being carried below their depth. This confines them to coast lines and submarine banks. Corals will not grow where the temperature is lower than sixty-eight degrees at any time—that is, the ocean, not the air. Therefore they are confined to the tropical regions. They will not grow except in clear salt water; hence there is always a break in reefs opposite the mouth of a river. Finally, they demand free exposure to the heating of the waves.

A Famous Old Rosebush.

THE celebrated rosebush at Hildesheim, in Hanover, believed to be 1,000 years old (tradition says it was planted by Charlemagne), never bore so many roses as this season. The shoots grafted on its trunk in recent years are growing admirably. The bush stands at the outer wall of the cathedral crypt. Its branches extend about 38 feet high, and 34 feet in width. It is an object of much curiosity.

Black Pearls.

DRIVING for black pearls employs a large number of men and boats off the coast of Lower California. Traders supply the vessels and diving apparatus upon the stipulation that the pearls that are found are to be sold to them at specified rates. These jewels are of much beauty and highly prized. A year's production is worth on an average from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000.

ROSEBUD'S FIRST BALL.

"Tis really time you were out, I think,"
Said Lady Rose to her daughter small;
"So I'll send my invitations round,
And give you, my dear, a splendid ball.

"We'd best decide on your toilet first:
Your sister Jacqueminot wore dark red;
But you are so much smaller than she,
I think you must wear pale pink instead.

"Then whom to invite: we can't ask all;
And yet it's hardest of all to tell
The flowers from weeds,—indeed, last year,
I snubbed Field Daisy, and now she's a belle.

"We'll ask the Pansies; they're always in
The best society everywhere:
The Lilies, Heliotropes, and Pinks.
Geraniums, Fuchsias, must sure be there.

"Miss Mignonette is so very plain,—
A favorite though,—I'll put her down.
The Violets, I think, are away;
They're always the first to leave for town.

"The Larkspurs are such old-fashioned things,
It's not worth while asking them to come;
The Zinnias are coarse, Bergamots stiff,
The Marigolds, better off at home.

"Miss Morning Glory I'd like to ask,
But then she never goes out at night;
She's such a delicate thing, she says,
She scarce can bear a very strong light.

"The Verbenas, I know, will be put out
If we don't ask them: the Petunias, too:
They're not quite *au fait*, but then, my dear,
They're such near neighbors,—what's one to do?

"I'll make out my list at once, for there
A butterfly is coming this way.
I'll send my invitations by him;
He'll go the rounds without delay.

"Dear! dear! to think that to-morrow night
You'll really be out! Now listen, my child:
Don't go much with your Cousin Sweet Briar:
He's very nice, but inclined to be wild."

—[Selected

STRANGE CHILDREN—THE WOLF BOYS OF INDIA.

BY WM. A. RUSS.

THE old Romans used to have a tradition that Romulus and Remus, the founders of the imperial city, were nursed by a wolf. Whether there was truth in this story, or whether it was merely one of the many legendary myths that passed current as history in the olden times when this mighty city was mistress of the world, we have no means of knowing.

But we do know that such things have happened. At least three instances are recorded where these fierce beasts have adopted human children; and, strange to say, the children have lived and thrived physically under the care of their savage nurses; although in mental development they have been but little, if any, above the brutes with which they had associated.

The three cases occurred in India, a country which has been for ages, and now is, overrun with ferocious beasts and venomous serpents.

Many years ago an English official, accompanied by native attendants, was riding through a wild region near the city of Agra, when they started up a female wolf with her three young ones. As the wild creatures fled through the forest, the singular appearance and uncouth gait, of one of the cubs attracted attention.

It bore some resemblance to a human being; but it ran on all-fours and at about the same rate of speed as its brute companions. To satisfy their curiosity, they determined to take it alive.

This, however, was no easy task, for although they were on horseback, the strange creature managed to lead them a chase of some miles before they brought it to bay. Then they became certain that it was a human being, and although the discovery of the fact increased their desire to capture it, they, of course, endeavored not to do it any injury.

The half-human, half-brute creature fought and bit with all the desperate ferocity of a real wolf, at the same time uttering horrible cries that were neither brute nor human. At length, after a long struggle, it was secured uninjured, by throwing a blanket over its head, and taken to the nearest village, screaming and howling with rage and fear.

It proved to be a boy, whom they judged to be from eight to ten years of age, terribly repulsive in appearance, and apparently with not a glimmer of human intelligence, whilst his habits were exactly those of a wild wolf.

The strange being at first utterly refused all food; but finally, after two or three days, driven by hunger, he ate some raw meat, a diet which he ever afterwards preferred.

In a short time after the capture, the father and mother of the wolf child were discovered, they being able to identify it by certain marks. They said he had been carried away by wolves when about two years old, and for seven years they had supposed him dead.

The poor, brutalized, child was restored to his parents, but they were unable to arouse in the son, so wonderfully restored to them, the least spark of human feeling or intelligence, and about two years after his capture he died. They were obliged to keep him chained or caged all the time. In pleasant weather he was fastened to a tree during the night, but he kept up a dismal howling that disturbed the neighborhood.

On several occasions wild wolves came from the forest and played with him. He could walk upright, but preferred to travel on his hands and feet.

Still another wolf boy was found in the same district

about thirty-five years ago. According to the various accounts, this one was discovered and captured in much the same way as the first. It is stated that he first fled to the wolf's den with an old wolf and her cubs, and that, on an attempt being made to dig them out, he managed to escape, but after a long chase was captured. He was taken to the village and placed in charge of the authorities, who cared for him kindly.

After a while his savage nature seemed to be partially subdued, and he became gentle when not annoyed. In fact he was tamed as a real wolf might have been. He seemed to understand some things that were said to him, but evinced less intelligence than an ordinary dog. When he wanted food or drink he made signs. For six months after his capture, he refused cooked meat, but was gradually brought to eat it.

Still a third of those wonderful beings is, or was a few years ago, living in the orphanage at Agra. He was carried off, as was partially proved, when about a year and a half old, and was seemingly about twenty-one years old when captured. He was about five feet four inches high, his body covered with coarse hair, and the soles of his feet and the palms of hands were as hard as horn, as were those of the others. Like the others, also, he had no voice except sounds resembling the howl and bark of the wolf.

By the use of splints and other devices he was taught to walk upright. Whenever he became excited, how-

ever, he went down on all-fours again. By persistent effort he was taught to wear a shirt and pants, but he always manifested a dislike for clothing of any kind. Although much pains were taken with his education, but little improvement was made in his condition. He learned to understand what was said to him, as a dog would have done, but he never became human in action or affection. Like the others, he never laughed nor smiled, evinced no affection for kindness shown him, and was only governed by fear of punishment. He never had any liking for human companionship, and always evinced a special aversion toward women.

Of course creatures so akin to brutes in all their instincts could have no ideas of right or wrong; the three were absolutely destitute of a moral nature.

But, stranger and more puzzling than all the rest, comes the question: Why did these wolf mothers spare their human prey, and rear these poor children as they did their own offspring? These babes were seized, as many others are seized, by the prowling brutes every year. Why were they not torn in pieces and devoured as hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of others have been? Nobody knows and probably no one ever will know.

But it is rather humiliating to human pride to know that the offspring of the race which considers itself the masterpiece of creation can become so debased, and utterly brutal, merely by long association with brutes.

GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS WHICH CAN BE MADE AT HOME.

THE following articles will not all be new to many readers of the CABINET; but I have made them nearly all myself at different times, and have tried to vary them a little from the ordinary way. I hope everybody may find at least a half-a-dozen new or practical ideas—

THINGS WHICH LITTLE FOLKS CAN MAKE.

Satchets.—Make a little white cloth bag about three inches long and two wide; get ten cents worth of satchet powder at the druggist's—heliotrope or violet is nice—put some in and sew up tightly. Take two scraps of satin or silk, a little larger than the cloth used, overhand three sides together, slip in the *sweet* little bag, sew up the other side, paste on a pretty little embossed picture, and put a bow or tassel on each corner. Your lady friends will be delighted with one.

Bookmarks.—Put a cunning little embossed picture on a small piece of gilt or silver card-board, and then sew the latter at top and bottom on to a nice piece of ribbon a little longer than the card-board. Papa will use it, I know.

Shaving-cases.—These are not new, but I know a way to make them very much liked by your friends. Make the outside of silver or colored card-board, with a picture pasted on; the inside leaves of tissue paper, the very brightest you can buy (there never were such bright colors when I was a little girl.) Then take all the very light colored ones, such as white, yellow, and light pink; get some of your prettiest picture books and your lead-pencil, and draw a picture on each leaf; you can see right through the tissue paper. Of course you are not very big, and you cannot draw very well, but do the best you can. Then fasten all together at the top, with a cord or ribbon to hang up by.

Pocket Pincushions.—Two little round pieces of card-board covered with silk and overhanded together. Put a picture on each side, and a row of pins all around the edge.

Hickory-nut Dolls.—Take a large, clean hickory-nut, and on the end that has the sharp point, draw a face with pen and ink, having the point for the nose. Make it as funny as you can. Then take a piece of thin white muslin, about four inches square, fold it three-cornered, and put it around the nut like a cap on an old lady; sew it very tight below, so the nut will not slip out. Make a narrow little skirt of black or gray paper cambric, gather and fasten it on to the neck of the old lady; then take a larger piece of white muslin, fold and put it on like a shawl and fasten. They are very funny.

Bean Bags.—Get Mamma to give you some ticking, enough to make two bags about six inches square; sew them up, except a little hole in one corner; put about a pint of white beans in each; sew them up tightly and make a pretty red cover for one, and a blue one for the other. They are nice to play with.

Shelf Papers.—Get a dozen or more sheets of wrapping paper, white or tinted, at the drug store. Take a little tin "patty-pan" and lay down on one edge, and draw a mark around the scollops; then do it again further on, until the whole edge is marked. Cut them out carefully with the scissors. Mamma will like them for the shelves in her china closet.

Napkin Holders.—Take the metal tips from a pair of stocking supporters, and sew one on each end of a nice piece of ribbon, about fifteen inches long. When sister gets hers on Christmas morning, tell her to put it around her neck and fasten the ends to her napkin.

I write, thus at length, for the little folks, because I know, from my own home experience, how dearly they love to make "Christmas presents," especially if they can only surprise Mamma; and I earnestly hope that older sisters and friends will encourage them, and keep them along with any of these things that they may attempt.

Homemade Candies.—Perhaps you have spent your money for other gifts, and so cannot buy candy for Christmas. Perhaps, also, Mamma does not wish you to cook candy on the stove, for fear you will "make messes," or get burned. So let me tell you a way to make it, sitting at the table in your chair, *without cooking at all*. You will want some eggs, two or three pounds of powdered sugar and as many different flavors as possible. If you can go to the drug store and get a little ten cent bottle of oil of wintergreen, or cinnamon, or peppermint, so much the better; and you will want a little tartaric acid. Put the white of one egg into a bowl; do not beat it, but make it quite thick with powdered sugar; put in a very little tartaric acid, and a few drops of lemon essence. It must be just like icing for cake, and *very stiff*. Put it in little round dabs on a buttered plate, and set away till next day to harden. That is one kind. Then wash out your bowl and start again. It is all made the same way, only with different flavoring. Peppermint makes a very nice kind; but only use the least bit of those "oils," for they are very strong. A little grated chocolate and vanilla makes another. Dessicated cocoa-nut, added to the frosting, makes another, and chopped nuts of any kind make another lovely variety. You just try them!

FOR THE SMALL BOYS.

We all know the "grown up boys" prefer to buy their presents ready-made, but Mamma and Papa will dearly prize anything that the "little men" have made all themselves.

Holders.—A piece of thick old blanket about five inches square, and two pieces of pretty calico, the same size, out of Mamma's scrap bag. Baste them together and bind them all around with a piece of red braid. The stitches will be pretty big, I know, for you are a boy, but the holders will be nice, especially if you sew a brass curtain-ring at one end, to hang them by; and if ever you grow up to be a bachelor, you will be glad you know how to sew a little.

Mottoes or Texts.—The perforated board with scripture text or motto ready for working, can be procured for five cents at almost any place where worsteds are sold. I know a little boy nine years old who worked one in one day, and gave it to his Mamma at Christmas last year. He used shaded green zephyr and worked in long stitches which extended from top to bottom of each letter. The effect was much prettier than when done in small stitches, and not trying to the eyes. When lined with tin-foil, and framed, it was much admired. To keep the edges of the motto from tearing while being worked, baste a wide binding of cloth around it.

Cigar Lighters.—Postal cards cut in lengthwise strips make good lighters, or you can whittle out of pine some little strips of wood not thicker than a match stick and six inches long, being careful to have them all of equal size and thin enough to light easily. Paint the upper ends some bright color from your paint box, and they will look pretty.

Blotting Pads.—Buy a half-a-dozen at the book store, scollop the edges, tie them together with a piece of ribbon, cut four little slits in the outside one, and in these slits slip the corners of some pretty Christmas card.

Jackstraws.—If you can whittle nicely, these are a beautiful present. I had one set made of hard wood (apple-tree wood, I think), and beside all little straight and crooked pieces that are always in the game, was a little pipe, a tiny ladder, a hammer, a croquet mallet, a key, a pair of scissors and a spade.

If you can run a scroll saw, there is no end of pretty things you can make, from a frame for some favorite "cabinet" photograph, or a bracket, to a lovely Swiss clock. If you have a dear little sister, make her a real little bedstead that will just fit her dearest doll; paint or stain it and put a decalcomanie picture on head and foot-board.

FOR THE OLDER GIRLS.

Should any brother of yours make such a bedstead, won't you please make a little mattress out of "excelsior," just to fit; two little pillows stuffed with chicken feathers, and one set of sheets, counterpane and pillow cases. One child will then be happier than a queen.

Calico Bags.—Get about eight or ten yards of strong, rather dark, calico or ehintz; it can be as pretty as you please. Make it up into five or six bags of different sizes, with a string run in the hem at the top. Mark on a piece of broad linen tape, in plain letters, "White Cotton," "Colored Cotton," "Woolen Pieces," "Linen," "Silk Scraps," etc., and sew one on the outside of each bag. Your mother will be charmed with her sensible daughter—and the bags.

Stocking Bag.—If you have never seen one, you will be surprised to find how convenient they are. Take two cup-shaped pieces of paste-board about four inches across, cover with pretty calico on both sides; take about three quarters of a yard of the same calico, and on each selvedge sew strongly six or eight brass rings at equal distances apart; gather the raw edges and sew on to the curved edges of the cup-shaped pieces; on the outside of one of these pieces put a little calico pocket, with elastic in the top; there you will put your balls of darning cotton; on the other paste-board piece put some flannel leaves for needles; now run two pieces of dress braid through the rings and hang it up, and you have everything in a nut shell; stockings in the bag below, which, like an omnibus, "will always hold one more," cotton and needles handy.

Door Pockets.—Take a piece of brown linen of suitable size to fit inside your door; line it with strong cloth, and stitch a curtain stick or piece of lath in the top, if you don't wish it to sag. Bind with bright dress braid. Now make just as many rows of pockets, little and big, as you want, and bind them in the same manner, having previously worked on them in chain stitch, the name of the thing the pocket is to hold. Tack up inside the door; you will find it the most convenient place for string, bits of cloth for cut fingers, sewing materials, dust-cloth, etc., and with scarlet braid and embroidery cotton, can be made quite pretty.

Sand Bag.—Get a quantity of clean white sand; in cities you can get it at the bird stores. Make a strong bag of ticking a foot square, and fill with the sand. Make a pretty woolen cover to button outside. On a cold winter night put the bag in a pan and warm it in.

the oven thoroughly; slip on the woolen cover and dear Grandma can have warm feet till morning.

"Keep-Cleans."—Cut a strip off lengthwise about fifteen inches wide from a nice towel with fringe and colored border; then cut this strip evenly in two. Now hollow out the top to fit a child's neck, hem all raw edges, sew on two tapes, and just above the border chain-stitch in red cotton the words, "Keep this clean." They are the prettiest table-bibs I ever saw.

Do you like crotchetting, and have you leisure? Then why not make a shawl of split zephyr, either white or a color, to serve as a wrap for head and throat after a party; or crotchet some "harlequin stripes" for a lounge pillow; get single zephyr of the brightest and most delicate colors; make only a few stitches of one color, then join and make six of another, two of a third, etc., the object being to make the strip a perfect mosaic of gay colors without any regular design; put together with strips of black velvet. Or make the strips longer and joining them with black worsted strips, make a gay little afghan for a child's sleigh.

Do you like to knit? Then I will tell you how to make a pretty and simple evening hood. Get wooden needles about the size of a small pen-holder; get either Pompadour wool or split zephyr, of white or a delicate color. Cast on sixty stitches; knit plain garter stitch, very loose, until you have a piece about fifteen inches long; slip half the stitches (that is thirty), on to a fine hair-pin, and bend it over so they won't slip off; then knit the remaining thirty back and forth until you have made a strip about twenty inches long; bind off. Then go back and take those stitches off the hair-pin on to the needle, and knit back and forth until that strip is as long as the other, then bind off. Now if you hold the work up it will look very much like a pair of pants, but be not discouraged. Crotchet a pretty shell border around the whole thing; gather and put a tassel on each of the lower ends. Gather the top loosely, and put a large ribbon bow of the same color on top of the gathers and it is done. To wear it, put the part with the bow on just above your front hair, cross the two ends behind and tie them under your chin. It is jaunty and becoming, and will not displace the most carefully arranged hair.

Knit Edging.—There are many pretty patterns for this: Barbour's linen thread, the "Florence knitting silk" and Saxony yarn are all nice to use. Knit a handsome wide edge in white silk for a flannel skirt—your friend will like it; or linen edge for underclothes. Mother's hands are too busy to take it up, much as she would like to. In knitting narrow lace break a needle or a hair-pin in two pieces; it is much more convenient.

Knit Rugs.—There are many kinds of rugs made of scraps of cloth, but I shall only describe one easy and handsome kind. Save all your woolen pieces, and cut them as near on the bias as possible, from half to three-quarters of an inch wide according to thickness of goods. Sew together strongly with black thread. Take two coarse, wooden needles, and casting on about sixty stitches, knit back and forth, plain garter stitch, until the rug is as long as you wish. Knit pretty tight; use a great quantity of black pieces; get a package of "Diamond Dye," bright lemon-yellow, and dye some of your white pieces, and knit in a tiny bit now and then. Do not sew a lot of pieces together, as you would for carpet-rugs, but only a half dozen at a time, as you need them,

studying each time what colors to use next; your rug will be much handsomer. When done you can put a fringe of Germantown yarn, dark green or maroon, on the narrow ends, and you will have a rich, brilliant looking rug, alike on both sides, that will delight you.

Fireplace Screen.—You will need to have a wooden frame made by a carpenter; there are many ways to make the centre, but I will only speak of one. Get a square of gray linen as large as the opening in the fireplace. On this trace some bold design of leaves and grasses that suits you, and work in Kensington stitch in black silk, using buttonhole twist for the heavy lines, and sewing-silk for the light. It is very easy and resembles a pen and ink sketch when done.

Lichen Motto.—Gather a quantity of pretty lichens; copy some large slender letters from some book or magazine; cut them out of bristol-board very neatly, and sew the lichens on until covered. Take an oblong piece of black velveteen and fasten the letters on to form the word or sentence, taking care to get them perfectly straight; take a smooth piece of board the right size, and stretch the velveteen tightly over it, taking long stitches across the back. Put in two screw-eyes to hang it up by. It will be very rich and handsome; prettier by far than any you can buy. If you can't do any of these things, can you not start a cutting of some lovely plant, and have a green and fragrant gift all ready for somebody on Christmas morning?

Painting Apron.—If any of your friends paint, try making them a big calico apron that will save the dress. I once made a very grotesque one of dark calico, as follows: I cut various figures out of cream-colored and other plain cotton cloth, and carefully hemmed them down on to the apron, shading them afterwards with pen and ink. There was a large skull and cross-bones on the breast, two immense green and yellow snakes coiling down the front, frogs, lizards, red devils, alligators, etc., roaming around at their own sweet will. That apron always provoked shouts of laughter.

FOR MY ARTISTIC READERS.

But it is you, dear friends, who hold the magician's wand. You can beautify every gift with a touch of brush or pen. And I have written so much, that I can only give you a few hints and let you work them out. Have you tried etching with indelible ink? If not, send for it to F. A. Whiting, Wellesley Hills, Mass. The directions will show you how to make the loveliest d'oyleys splashes, tidies, pincushions, lambrequins, etc. The "Greenaway" books, and many others, will give you pretty subjects, and the FLORAL CABINET will give you some beautiful fancy letters for marking linen. Try it.

Painting on Satin.—This material takes oil colors nicely without any preparation.

Handkerchief Bag.—Cover two shield-shaped, oval, or round pieces of card-board with satin, and on this paint your design, flowers being the prettiest; then shirr the rest of the satin to form a bag, and put satin ribbons in the shirring at the top to form the "drawing-strings." If for an elderly lady use black satin with a group of pansies; old gold with a bunch of nasturtiums, or silver gray and wild roses for a younger one.

Banner.—Paint a handsome group of flowers on a yard of satin, any color you fancy. Line, put a rod or small stick at top and bottom, and a pretty fringe also at the bottom, and hang on the wall as a banner.

Plaques.—The art stores will furnish a great variety, and they make lovely gifts, also the panels. Unless you are painting a landscape, get the ebonized, gilt, or polished ones, as then you do not need to fill in any background, and it saves much work.

Satin Tidy.—Two pieces of wide satin ribbon, half a yard long, with flowers painted on each one; then the strips joined with antique insertion, and edged with antique lace, make an exquisite one.

A bracket lambrequin is lovely painted on white or delicately tinted satin. Outline three points with thread, but do not cut till after the painting is done, as the satin frays. Line edge with silk cord, and hang a gay little silk tassel on each point.

A sofa pillow painted on velvet is very lovely and will stand much hard usage.

A satin fan is an exquisite present. Get a heavy piece of satin and draw the outline of the fan lightly with a pen, but do not cut the fabric. Paint a spray of flowers, the more skillfully the better, and you can have it mounted on gilded sticks without great expense.

If it is not anticipating the season too much, get a handsome silk parasol and paint on it a flower spray in oils. Or two dozen plain little wooden plates, and ornament the edge of each a trifle, to be used as pic-nic plates next Summer.

If you are where you can get smooth round stones, paint one or two small ones to serve as paper-weights, or a large one to hold a door open.

For a gentleman, get a round lacquer collar-box, and paint a pretty design outside or inside the cover. Or get a hat-rack with an oval space in the middle, in which you can paint a design; or a towel-rack with an oblong space that you can serve in the same way.

For water-colors, a very beautiful present is a quire of handsome creamy note-paper, with an initial painted on each sheet. The initial of your friend, in different styles, on some, and a pretty M or D at the left-hand side, for "My dear" or "Dear child," on others.

Picture mats can be ornamented in the corners with flowers, or a slender wreath around the oval, and will add much to the beauty of the face within.

Now "a mosaic quilt," and I am done. Save all your scraps of silk, and beg as many more as you can. Take some of the handsomest plain pieces and paint a design on each. Take a piece of stout cloth and on this baste your pieces; no matter how oddly shaped, the more so the better, and do not cut any more off than just to make them fit. Herring-bone stitch in colored floss covers the join. The painted scraps are scattered through at intervals, and give a very novel and pretty effect.

LOUISE.

WHAT WE SHALL WEAR.

NOVEMBER has come with its wintry aspect and necessitates a change of wardrobe. After we were once settled with our Summer dresses, many of us gave little thought to the whimsicalities of fashion beyond the minor items of gloves, ribbons, etc. In fact, it is only in the Spring and Autumn that we *must* consult the fashion oracle, that we are really within her power, and she can guide us as she will. Of course we are left a choice, for she is not so arbitrary a goddess as to insist upon complete and blind submission; but what to choose. There are fundamental principles to all things, and we must search out those changes first which are most important, leaving minor decisions for a later consideration.

The short, clinging skirt is still in vogue for street and visiting wear, and may the day never come when a change is made in this; for when dresses were allowed to be so shortened as to escape the filth of the street, and ceased to be a stumbling-block, woman began to be once more an object of respect and admiration.

Trained dresses are restricted to evening wear; but even then are not considered a necessity, though it is said they will be more in favor than they were last season.

Dress skirts are either trimmed with the treble-plaited ruche around the bottom, or are made in voluminous puffs, or kilted with short, wrinkled apron, and hoop drapery in the back.

Long, plainly made, tight-fitting redingotes, trimmed with a ruche of the material, are very popular, but those ornamented with soutache embroidery are chosen by the most fastidious ladies. They must fit the figure perfectly, having the extra fullness in the skirt laid in a box-plait on the underside of the three back seams.

Dressy costumes, whether for street or house, are still made of two or more materials, and frequently of contrasting colors. The bodice is cut round, pointed or in a long basque, as one likes best; the shoulders, however, must be high and square. All-wool cheviots, camels' hair and tricot cloths are so well adapted for general wear, and so serviceable, that it will be a difficult matter to find anything to take their places. Every lady needs such a suit, its only trimming being solid embroidery, braid or stitching on the material.

The little, close-fitting bonnet, with narrow strings, is worn very much now, though both large and small pokes promise to be popular again, and are made of velvet and plush. Those in felt are bound with slightly gathered velvet and faced with satin. The trimming consisting of two full ostrich plumes crossed at the top and drooping at the back. A prune-colored plume and one of terra-cotta are new shades, and combine prettily.

A very pretty hat was shown at the "Co-operative," made of an old shade of scarlet velvet with a plaiting of velvet on the front, over the top a wide black Spanish lace fichu was laid in careless folds kept in place with gold pins. When worn the fichu was to be crossed in front, and fastened with a cluster of crimson roses.

Round hats of felt with wide brims, loaded down with both long and short ostrich plumes, are again in favor.

For little girls under ten years the turban and Tam O'Shanter caps, in red wools or delicate shades of blue are used, though little pokes will be the choice for the season.

Long, loose-wristed, mahogany-colored gloves are used for street wear.

C. L. A.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

PREPARED BY MRS. C. G. HERBERT.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER.

MENU.

Tomato Soup.

Steamed Fish with drawn Butter sauce.

Roast Turkey and Cranberry sauce.

Sweet and Irish Potatoes.

Vegetables in season.

Lobster Salad.

Pumpkin Pie. Mince Pie.

Nuts, Raisins, Bon-bons.

Cake.

Coffee.

Tomato Soup.—See directions in September CABINET.

Steamed Fish.—Cut off the head and tail; wash the fish, salt and lay it on a plate in a steamer, and cook till done; then remove carefully to a platter, after having taken off the skin. Serve with drawn butter made as follows: Two heaping teaspoons of flour mixed well with a piece of butter the size of an egg. Pour on enough boiling water to make it the consistency of cream, and flavor with a very little Worcestershire sauce.

Roast Turkey.—Stuffing for a medium size turkey. One pint of oysters. Cut the bread in fine pieces, and the butter in little chunks; put the oysters in whole. If the bread is dry, dip it in a little cold water.

For the Gravy.—Cut or chop some of the oysters fine and put them in the dripping-pan with what liquor was in them, and some fine cracker crumbs, and let it all boil up a few moments.

The turkey will be much nicer if it is tightly sewed in an old piece of white muslin, and then put into the dripping-pan and treated *exactly* as if no cloth were used. Care should be taken not to use more cloth than is necessary to envelop the turkey. Of course the legs are tied and the wings fastened back before putting the cloth on. If the turkey should not brown sufficiently, the cloth can be removed just before it is done, and the turkey put on the upper grate of the oven, but if your stove is anything of a good baker this will not be necessary. You will find that a tough fowl cooked in this way will be tender and delicious, while the wings and legs will not be dried and crisp, but juicy; and it cooks much sooner, as the cloth keeps in the steam.

Lobster Salad.—One lobster picked fine; two heads of fresh lettuce cut fine, put in a dish in layers with the lobster. Dressing: One cup of vinegar, one heaping table-spoon sugar, two tea-spoons of dry mustard; salt, pepper, two eggs, butter half the size of an egg; moisten the mustard in a little of the vinegar, then add the rest of the vinegar and the other ingredients except butter; the eggs must be well beaten. Heat all together over the hot water till it thickens, then take it off and add the butter, and set away to cool. Pour it over the salad just before serving, garnish the edge of your platter with lettuce leaves, and put the salad in the centre.

Pumpkin Pie.—Peel the pumpkin, cut up in small pieces and steam or boil. It is much nicer steamed as not so wet; when thoroughly done, mash and put

through a wire sieve. For two pies take one pint of sweet milk, three eggs and pumpkin enough to make about the consistency of griddle-cakes; ginger, little salt and sugar to taste. Line the pie tins with tender crust, fill and bake.

Mince Pies.—For enough mince meat to fill a three-gallon crock take seven pounds of nice beef (a neck piece is best), and one pound of suet. Boil the meat very tender, salt as you would for the table; let it boil down until there is not more than a pint of liquor, while warm take out all bones and save the liquor. Let it stand over night, next morning chop the meat fine and the suet, and put them together. Take twice as much chopped sour apples as you have meat, and put in two quarts of boiled cider and the liquor from your meat. If you have vinegar from pickled peaches, or any sweet pickles, it is better than the cider. Add to the meat and apples three cups of molasses and brown sugar enough to make it sweet to taste; cinnamon, cloves, allspice, pepper and grated nutmeg; boil all together till the apples are nearly soft, then put away for use. The raisins should be put in when the pies are made, wash them and boil in a few spoonfuls of water, and drop them in the pies just before putting on the upper crust.

Snow-flake Cake.—See directions in June CABINET.

Coffee.—It is best to buy your coffee unground and grind it as you use. Allow one table-spoon of ground coffee for every person. Mix with the grounds a part of the white or a whole egg, according to the amount of coffee used. Scald the coffee-pot well before using, put in the coffee and add a half cup of cold water, shake well and then pour in all the boiling water you will require, and put it where it will be hot, but not boil, for ten minutes; then let it boil about five, remove from the stove and let it settle. Have your coffee-pot or urn heated before pouring the coffee in. Mocha is the richest and most delicate flavored, but Old Government Java is an excellent and more economical coffee. It is a good plan to mix them.

A FLANNEL cloth dipped into warm soapsuds, and then into whiting and applied to paint, will remove all grease and dirt. Wash with clean water and dry. The most delicate paint will not be injured and will look like new.

ONE pound of green copperas dissolved in one quart of boiling water will destroy foul smells. Powdered borax scattered in their haunts will disperse cockroaches.

Grape Jam.

Take your grapes, separate the pulps from the skins, keeping them in separate dishes, put the pulps in your preserving kettle with a teacup of water, when thoroughly heated, run through a colander to separate the seeds. Then put your skins with them and weigh; to each pound of fruit put three-fourths of a pound of sugar; add merely water enough to keep from burning, cook slowly three-fourths of an hour. This is a delicious jam well worth the trouble.

A. L. F.

Catalogues, Etc.

SMALL FRUITS.—Cayuga Lake Nurseries. H. S. Anderson, Union Springs. Illustrated catalogue of small fruits, ornamental trees, shrubs, plants and general nursery stock.

FRUIT TREES.—John S. Collins, Moorestown, N. J. Wholesale price list of small fruits, trees, grapevines, etc.

Nelson's Fruit and Flower Grower and Vegetable Gardener.—A quarterly journal devoted to the interests of Nurserymen, Seedsmen, Florists, Orchardists, Gardeners, and Planters, containing much valuable information for those interested in either department. Published at Turner Junction, Ill., at 75 cents per year.

Floral Instructor.—A trade journal, published by Spalding & McGill, Ainsworth, Iowa, at 50 cents per year.

Odds and Ends.

"THERE," said the dealer, "is a carpet that can't be beat." And the man bought it. He hates carpet-beating.

"CHILDREN," says a Boston school-examiner after hearing some essays read, "you should never use a preposition to end a sentence with." "Isn't 'with' a preposition?" asked the girl whose composition gave rise to the correction.

"MARK TWAIN" remarks that all we need to possess the finest navy in the world is ships—for we have plenty of water.

WHEN a man prefaces his conversation with, "Now I know this isn't any of my business," you may be pretty sure that it isn't.

CUSTOMER—"What do you ask for your half-dollar tea?" Shopman—"Well, our regular price is seventy-five cents, but I'll let you have it for sixty, only don't mention it, please." Customer is flattered and takes a pound at once. When he comes to think it over afterwards, his mind grows unsettled, but having given his word, and being an honorable man, he doesn't mention it.

It was Sydney Smith who retorted upon some one who called him an every-day man, "Well, if I am an every-day man, you are a weak one."

A FUNSTER was once thrust into a closet with the threat that he would not be released until he had made a pun. Almost instantly he exclaimed, "O-pun the door."

THE gentleman stepped on the coal dealer's platform scales and asked to be weighed. The dealer said: "Why, certainly!" and called to the man inside to take the weight. And the man thought it was coal he was weighing, and shouted back the weight six hundred pounds.—*Boston Post.*

WHEN is a vegetable not a vegetable? When it is what you cauliflower.

A LITTLE girl, who was spending her first month on a farm in the country, was asked, "What do you like best in the country?" "O," replied the child, "I like the country because there are no corners! When I am at home, mother tells me not to go farther than the corner of the street; but, don't you see? there are no corners here, and I can go anywhere."

A BOY who was kept after school for bad orthography excused himself to his parents by saying he was spell-bound.

A TRAVELER visiting a Mexican cathedral was shown by the sacristan, among other marvels, a dirty opaque glass vial. After eyeing it for some time, the traveler said, "Do you call this a relic? Why, it is empty!" "Empty!" retorted the sacristan indignantly. "Sir, it contains some of the darkness which Moses spread over the land of Egypt."

THE attorney—"The jury have returned not guilty; why don't you go?" Defendant (accused of stealing a pair of pantaloons)—"Have all of them witnesses gone?" Attorney—"Yes; but what's that to you?" Defendant (in a confidential whisper)—"Cos I've got them very pants on."

EX-SECRETARY EVARTS tells a delightful story, at his own expense, about a small donkey which he sent up to his country seat for the use of his children. One of his little daughters, going out with her nurse to admire the animal in its paddock, was sorely distressed when the donkey lifted up his voice and brayed dolefully. "Poor thing! Poor thing!" exclaimed the sympathetic child. Suddenly brightening up, she turned to her nurse and said: "Oh, I am so glad. Papa will be here on Saturday, and then it won't feel so lonesome."

ON the crowded sidewalk: Indignant female—"Sir, I would feel obliged to you if you would keep that umbrella of yours to yourself, and not poke me with it again!" Insolent Wretch—"O, ma'am! Yes ma'am! I didn't mean to do it! I can't the prod-a-gal son, ma'am!"—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

OLD Goodman went to some English opera, when he was in Chicago, of the Alice Oates variety. He came home a very wrathful man. "Don't talk to me any more about givin' woman the ballot," he roared. "If ever I catch a wife or daughter of mine dancin' in a necklace and a pair of slippers, somebody'll have to read the Riot Act before the ballet is half over, I don't care who tries to stop me." And the Goodman girls haven't dared say "woman suffrage" or wear bangs from that day to this.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

A COUNTRY gentlemen, walking in his garden, saw his gardener asleep under an arbor.

"What!" says he, "asleep instead of at work? You idle dog, you are not worthy that the sun should shine on you."

"I am truly sensible of my unworthiness," answered the man, "and therefore I laid myself down in the shade."

A CLERGYMAN chose for his text the following words: "Which of you will go up with me to Ramoth Gilead?" Then pausing, he again and again repeated the words, when a gallant tar started from his seat, and looking around him with an eye full of indignation, he exclaimed: "Will none of you go with the worthy gentleman? Then, blow me, I will go myself."

THE
RAVAGES OF CONSUMPTION.

In spite of all that medical science and professional skill has been able to do in that most fatal of all diseases, Consumption of the Lungs, it is steadily on the increase. The number of deaths from this cause, as shown by our bills of mortality, is simply appalling.

That Consumption of the Lungs cannot be cured by any of the remedial agents known to either of the great schools of medicine, or by the eclecticism which includes the best curative appliances of both, is too well and sorrowfully known to the hundreds of thousands of wasting and slowly-dying invalids, whose pale faces, sunken eyes and feeble steps meet us in every city, town and neighborhood.

It is no fault of the Profession that it cannot cure this disease. Not because it is incurable, but because in its Materia Medica no substance is found in use of antidote or an effective resistant. But this is no proof that such a substance does not exist, and that Consumption must still go on destroying its hundreds of thousands every year. The search for an agent that would give the vitality which is needed to arrest this disease and restore the patient to health has been in the past and present century; and some form of Oxygen-administration has been with many regarded as the means by which the ardently-desired end would be gained. Experiments in this direction have

been made from time to time, but not until within past few years have they been carried to a successful result. Satisfied that if a new combination of Oxygen and Nitrogen could be made in which the former substance would be in excess of what is found in common air, a physician who had been forced to abandon his practice in consequence of an attack of pneumonia, was led to make persistent experiments which finally resulted in the discovery of a new substance now known as Compound Oxygen, and the use of which he was himself restored to permanent good health.

It is over twelve years since this great result was reached—a result which has inaugurated a new era in the healing art. Consumption of the Lungs is no longer in the list of incurable diseases.

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To those who wish to inform themselves in regard to this new Treatment, we will send, free of cost, our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen" and our pamphlet containing over fifty "Unsolicited Testimonials" also "Health and Life," our Quarterly Record of Cases and Cures, under the Compound Oxygen Treatment, in which will be found, as reported by patients themselves, and open for verification, more remarkable results in a single period of three months than all the medical journals of the United States can give in a year.

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THERE grows in Central America a tree which, when being tapped yields pure milk. What a pity it is that dairy pumps are not made of that kind of wood.—*Philadelphia News.*

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WELL, yes; Arabi might go on the stage, and if he does we recommend him to select for his play, "The Fool's Revenge."—*Boston Post.*

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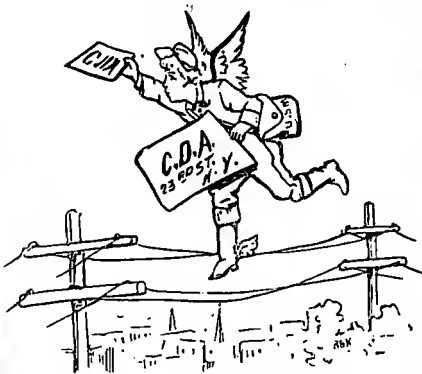
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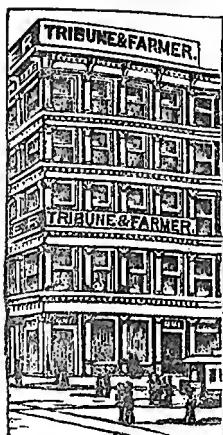


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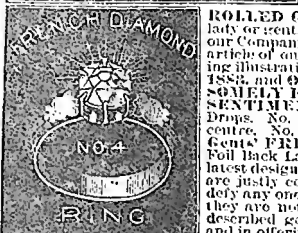
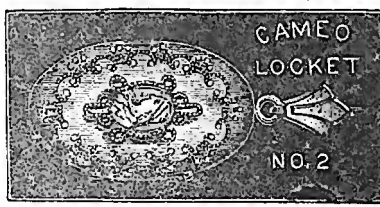
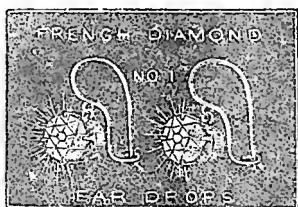
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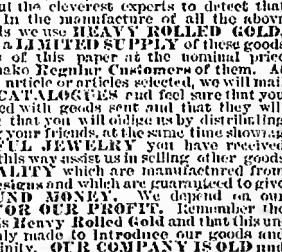


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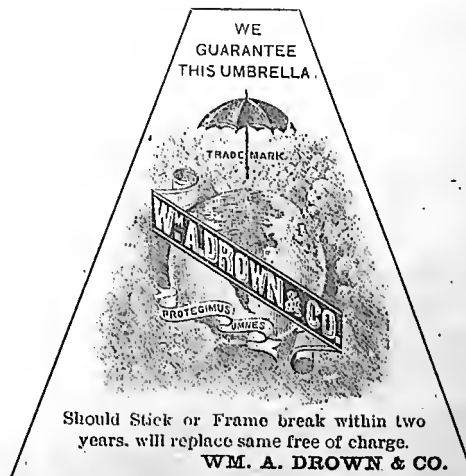
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